

Zion's Herald.

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REST IN HOPE.—The difference between the saint and sinner is kept up in the word of God from its first chapter to its last. It opens Genesis, and closes Malachi. It re-opens Matthew, and concludes the whole with its solemn declarations of the Revelation concerning the eternal perpetuity of these distinctions. "He that is holy shall be holy still; he that is filthy shall be filthy still." This separation passes beyond the grave. Over this world, and in the next, the same law reigns. Rest in hope, is the cheerful word that speaks to us from its sacred page when we bend with crushing sorrow over the face of the holy dead. On no other faces than those that sleep in the Lord beams that beatitude. The pallor which sheds upon that countenance the ghastly moonlight of the grave is brightness itself in comparison with the pallor which that hour casts upon the vanished soul, if he does not sleep in Jesus. How deathly is its aspect to the eye of love! But if the words of sacred triumph had last sounded from those now tintless lips; if the smile of the Lord had streamed like a glory from that countenance in its last looks of love and peace, how different the feelings of the bereaved. Rest in hope is written over the still beloved body, no less than its temporarily absenting spirit. In the arms of Christ he lies, strong arms, tender arms, eternal arms. Whether in the body or out of the body, it is altogether in the Lord. Lonely one, cheer your drooping heart with these joyful hopes. Put your dead beloved, not dead but sleeping, into his affectionate care. Your beloved rests in hope; rests from its agonies, that caused greater agonies in you as you powerlessly contemplated him, like one on shore beholding his child cast upon the breakers while he can offer no salvation. That wrestling is over. He is at peace. Child or parent, husband or wife, friend or lover, all who were Christ's by unconscious or conscious redemption, are with him, and with him forever. Be of good cheer. Work your day through, and you also shall rest in hope. Your weary day shall have a golden set, and from its sacred peace the dawn of the eternal morning shall joyfully awake you to a resurrection reunion of infinite exultation and infinite calm.

A PETITION TO COLLEGES.—The seed-time for honorary degrees is come. Parties are busy sowing beside all college faculty waters in hope that a nice little title of two or three letters will be gathered by themselves or their next friend in that glowing harvest of Commencement Day. We would respectfully recommend two distinguished gentlemen for one distinguished (?) degree. LL. D. is considered the capstone of University honors. After that there is no more that these begowned dons can do for their begging patrons. It means Doctor of Canon and Civil Law—a piece of information which its many recipients as well as donors will doubtless thank us for imparting—as they probably were never aware before of its real import. As others are sending in their petitions, THE HERALD begs leave

to do likewise. We have in our favored land two divines of credit and renown who have shown themselves masters of canon law. It was supposed that this department had become as fossilized as the ichthyosaurian race and era, but these zealous scholars have not only unearthed it, they have proved its present vitality; they have shown that it was bigger than Christ and His Church, that it could forbid effectually what he commanded, and bring His servants to disgrace and dumbness did they presume to oppose its decree. We therefore propose that all our one hundred and odd colleges discharge on these eminent heads this proper degree,—like a volley of a hundred and odd can(n)on, and let there be one grand salute. Harvard can for once become orthodox and Trinity tolerant. Let them all with one voice proclaim: "*Honorandi et reverendissimi Stubbs et Boggs ascendite!*" Let them adorn these revivers of an extinct law with its proper armor. Don Quixote deserved the coat of mail which the age had long abandoned, but with which his chivalrous spirit was properly clothed. So let this rusty title, which has never before in a single instance in America meant what it purported, be applied to its original use. One difficulty may occur. The title recognizes accomplishment in civil as well as canon law. These gentlemen can claim no honors of a civic sort, legal, social or Christian. To avoid this dilemma let the one title be conferred on both persons. Each can then take an "L," and consider it as belonging exclusively to the same department. Or they can be linked together in the degree as they have been in the course which has won it. Let each of the colleges, therefore, issue a single diploma with the immortal names united,—Stubbs and Boggs, LL.D.

A MISTAKE!—Bright as "Warrington" is, he fails sometimes to detect, or rather to declare the truth. Thus he unwisely talks of the new liquor law:—

This new measure will be tried by its practical workings, for it is based on no theory, but on the fact that the old plan has failed, and that a new one must be tried. And, as there can be no alliance, or society, organized and kept running to defend it as a revelation of divine or human wisdom, there ought to be no large body of men determined to overthrow it as necessarily the offspring of sin and iniquity. I am by no means sanguine of any brilliant result from it. And if it were not iteration to repeat it, I would say again that the men who are really interested in the suppression of intemperance, and have time to attend to the business, ought to turn their efforts into the direction of moral and social reform. Give the people something beside the rum shops for places of resort.

The facts are that more conventions in more locations were held the last year, and have been held for every year, in this State, to support this cause, than were ever held in the same time in the highest pitch of the anti-slavery conflict for that reform. The Secretary of the Alliance reports that under its auspices alone, the last year, six hundred and fifty-eight addresses were made. Besides these, there were hundreds of societies that met weekly, and a thousand ministers that preached in defense of the law. There never was a moral question more liberally or largely supported. It was not for lack of these means, but because the hearts of so many were fully set in them to do evil. The evangelical church to-day is faithful, active and potent. But in a conflict at the polls it would be voted out of sight by the various bands of unbelief, Papal, "spiritual," skeptical and "nothingarial." So has this Christian legislation, in spite of the most strenuous efforts of its friends, fallen beneath the combined forces of rum delirium, indifference, and that false liberalism which dry rots every soul it gains possession of, whether in religion, morals, politics or any divine demand.

MAY DAY DANCING.—It strikes one as a little incongruous that a church which pretends to be Christian should advertise dancing as one of the prominent attractions of a May Day Festival. For several years Warren Street Chapel, in this city, has been notorious for this most unchristian practice. This year, in addition to this Unitarian May dance, we find our Episcopal friends come out as the patrons of the Terpsichorean art. The ladies of St. Mark's parish, at the aristocratic end of the city, advertise a May-pole and Children's Dance in Minot's Hall. It is not proposed to argue at length the right or wrong of dancing, though it would

not be very difficult to show its true character, and to prove its inherent impropriety. What we especially object to is this mixing up of things sacred and profane. It is an outrage on all sense of fitness for a church that pretends to the name of Christian to take the course of the two religious societies above-named. The course of these societies is all the more worthy of condemnation in view of the developments in theatricals during the past two or three years, where shameless semi-nudity of female dancers has been the greatest attraction presented to the staid citizens of Boston and visitors from the country. Now when these vile displays of the theatres are corrupting the minds of young and old, to have religious societies give their countenance to dancing, and parade their children before the public, in dresses that are none too modest, is an insult to Christ and his cause. If this passion for dancing must be indulged in, we protest against its being carried on under the cloak of religion; just let there be some difference between those who profess to serve God and those who make no such profession; give up your pretensions to the name of Christian, and advertise yourselves as furnishing the public with amateur theatricals, dancing, and the like.

THE ANTI-PROHIBITIONISTS were accustomed to argue that there was need of a license law to suppress the liquor shops which flourished the more, the more the law was executed. The State Constable's last report answers this folly, in showing how many new places have been opened since the election: Suffolk County, 879; Essex, 536; Middlesex, 235; Worcester, 226; Hampden, 87; Hampshire, 31; Franklin, 41; Berkshire, 103; Norfolk, 321; Plymouth, 150; Barnstable, 8; Bristol, 162. Total, 2,779.

If such things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? If almost four thousand of these dens have been opened in less than six months, in what is called by some a state of legal abeyance, what will it be when the new law goes into effect, and every town and village and school district shall have its licensed victualer, grocer and bar? A member of the House from Beverly says we have had free rum all winter, and never were better off. Four thousand new whisky shops, with not less than forty thousand customers, largely young, are the first fruits of that harvest of death and hell. What will the end be? Christians, citizens, fathers, mothers, wives, young men, what duty have you greater than the suppression of this gigantic and most growing iniquity?

THE NATION IN THE EXPOSITION.—The medals and other prizes won by our countrymen at the Paris Exposition are on exhibition in the Capitol at Washington. They comprise a large array of medals, diplomas, and other testimonials of merit. Our rank among the nations is very high. France only excelled us in the ratio of prizes; 56 per cent. of its exhibitors received prizes, 53 per cent. of the American, 47 1-2 of the German, and only 26 of the English. The United States received on an average one prize to less than two exhibitors. The total average per cent. of awards was 34 1-2 per cent., almost 30 per cent. less than ours. Good for the youngest of the family. *L'Enfant terrible* it is to Europe, whether in the arts of peace or of war, in suppressing rebellions or expelling Presidents, or making pianos and sewing machines.

LAST FLICKERS.—The scenes which have disgraced the Senate Chamber of the United States the past few days, resulting from the intemperate and pugnacious language and bearing of Mr. Nelson and others of the President's counsel, indicate the hopelessness of their cause. They are the last flickers of the candle; and show that the President and his friends will soon have not tallow enough to light them to bed, where they must henceforth rival the Seven Sleepers. When they begin to pelt Manager Butler with "spoons" and "bottles," and dare him to mortal combat, it shows pretty conclusively that in the multitude of counselors there is no longer either wisdom or wit.

IMMORTALITY.

BY FRANCIS DE HANS JANVIER.

"O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Corinthians, xv. 55-57.

Who deems the Saviour dead?
And yet He bowed his head;
And while in sudden night the sun retired,
Anc, through thick darkness hurled,
Reeled on the shuddering world,
The mighty Son of God, in blood expired:
Expired—but, in the gloom
And silence of the tomb,
Death's mystery unveiled to mortal sight:
Triumphant o'er His foes,
A conqueror He rose,
And from the grave commanded life and light!
And shall we count those dead
For whom the Saviour bled,
And died, and rose and lives forevermore?
And were the grief, and loss,
The shame, and scourge, and cross,
Endured in vain by Him whom we adore?
And shall His children fear,
When that great hour draws near,
Which gives them immortality with God?
Should not our souls rejoice
To hear our Father's voice,
And gladly take the path the Saviour trod?
Through death's deep shadow lies
Our journey to the skies,
And all beyond is light, and life, and love;
The dead whom we deplore
Have only passed before,
And wait to greet us in the world above!
Then let the summons come
Which calls our spirits home,
From sin, and pain, and sorrow, ever free;
Where weary ones may rest
Upon that Saviour's breast,
Whose death revealed our immortality!

FLINGS FROM A FLAIL.

Were it not for the atmosphere, the sun's rays would be not merely useless, they would be intolerable. Faith, taking the place of sight, serves as an atmosphere between God and us, making communion with him possible.

It is one of the beautiful types of the Bible that the book of the Law was sprinkled with blood. There is a world of meaning in that appointment.

Receiving in their simplicity, with no spirit of speculation, the representations which the Father and the Son make of their love toward each other, we may profitably think how the Father must have loved his absent Son while occupied in his earthly work. In this connection we may also reflect that toward every dear, faithful servant of theirs in this world, living wholly for his God and Redeemer, the Father and the Son have feelings which Christ does not hesitate to compare with the love between the Father and himself. "That the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them."

Success in our enterprises and the drawing of men toward us, is frequently a result of personal covenanting with God. "For they fell to him out of Israel in abundance when they saw that the Lord his God was with him."

Leave your prayer with God, and act. "He answered her never a word." But He heard her. He was preparing her for the answer. She would not have gone upon the pages of the Bible if Christ had answered her at once.

"Power with God,"—what constitutes it? Is there anything so to be desired? Men have had it. Its influence is recognized by the most High Himself when he says that Noah, Daniel and Job could not prevail for a certain purpose. If we did nothing else but live so as to qualify ourselves to pray, we should lead a well-spent life.

Success in life, so called, without the favor of God, is shown to be an empty thing when it is said that "the prosperity of fools shall destroy them." If even success may be fatal to an irreligious man, surely he is to be pitied.

Some things in the behaviour and speech of the children of Israel to their God are as inconceivable as any mysteries in the Bible. Take this for an example: "Behold, he smote the rock; can he give bread also?"

Deep meanings are in that experience of Ezekiel (c. 3) when he took a roll written full with lamentations and mournings and woe and ate it, "and it was in my mouth as honey for sweetness." Was he "vindictive," "cruel"? No, he took part with his God against sinners, as all the righteous will do in the great day.

The sorrow and love of the man Christ Jesus at John the Baptist's death, must have been most deep and tender. "When Jesus heard of it, he departed thence by ship into a desert place." The veil is drawn, after the manner of inspiration, which does not indulge in exhibitions of personal love; but what must have been the thoughts of Jesus upon his forerunner and the manner of his death! To have been the subject of such thoughts was worth all which it cost. The death of every servant of his is precious in the sight of the Lord. "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted."

We may well be satisfied to follow our divine Lord in this, which was a principal business of his life. It is even now pursued by him.

Yield to every impulse to pray,—at spare minutes, in the midst of work, in the street, in company. You know not what may be going on concerning you, somewhere, at those moments when you feel these impulses to pray. It is as though there were spiritual telegraphic threads spreading toward us from every place where our interests are concerned, and these threads are breathed upon by the omniscient, loving spirit of God, and we are, in a sense, notified; hence, perhaps, those unaccountable impulses which we feel to pray. He may be making signs to us that something is coming, or that something is enacting, which deeply concerns us. Thus "the Spirit itself maketh intercession in us."

TENNYSON'S LUCRETIIUS

Is a most powerful delineation and denunciation of the present popular philosophy, scientific, metaphysic, religious and social. It is professedly a portrait of an ancient philosopher, but really of modern philosophy. No such rebuke to the rampant materialism of the age has been penned. It is founded on incidents in the career and death of the Epicurean philosopher and Roman poet Lucretius. History tells us that he committed suicide through insanity at the age of forty-four; his wife having given him a philter to regain his affections, which potion some thought turned on the brain. He believed in the fortuitous concourse of atoms as causing creation, and in the indifferentism of the gods. Tennyson has imbued these pagan philosophers with his own spirit, and paints his wild imaginings in powerful colors.

Thus he portrays his dream of the horrors of chaos; and the worse horrors of Epicurean lust, a prefiguring of the foul theatrical dancing demons of to-day.

Storm in the night! for thrice I heard the rain
Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt—
Methought I never saw so fierce a fork—
Struck out the streaming mountain-side, and showed
A riotous confluence of watercourses
Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,
Where all but yesterday was dusty-dry.
Storm and what dreams ye holy gods, what dreams,
For thrice I wakened after dreams. Perchance
We do but recollect the dreams that come
Just ere the waking; terrible! for it seemed
A void was made in Nature; all her bonds
Cracked; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe
Running along the illimitable space,
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things
Forever: that was mine, my dream, I knew it—
Of and belonging to me, as the dog
With inward yelp and restless forefoot piles
His function of the woodland; but the next
I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed
Came driving rain-like down again on earth,
And where it dashed the reddening meadow, sprang
No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth,
For these I thought my dream would show to me,
But girls, Hetaïrai curious in their art,
Hired animalisms, vile as those that made
The merry-faced Dictator's orgies worse
Than aught they fable of the quiet gods.
And hands they mixt, and yelled and round me drove
In narrowing circles till I yelled again
Half suffocated, and sprang up and saw—
Was it the first beam of my latest day?

Thus he conceives that all-vivifying Love whom Lucretius invokes at the beginning of his poem, and whom Tennyson might have raised to the gospel fullness and purity and power of the same idea:

—did I take
That popular name of thine to shadow forth
The all-generating powers and genial heat
Of Nature, when she strikes through the thick blood
Of cattle, and light is large and lambs are glad
Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers;
Which things appear the work of mighty gods.

This description of the Empyrean has never been equaled for beauty of imagination. It is, however, as horrible in its cold selfishness:

The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their secret everlasting calm! and such,
Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain,
Letting his own life go.

Equally dreadful is this portraiture of Apollo, or the Sun. Heathenism never was better arrayed and never looked more demoniacal by the side of the only God and Saviour and his salvation:

Look where another of our gods, the Sun,
Apollo, Dælus, or of older use
All-seeing Hyperion—what you will,
Has mounted yonder; since he never aware,
Except his wrath were wreaked on wretched man,
That he would only shine among the dead
Hereafter; tales! for never yet on earth
Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox
Moan round the spit; nor knows he what he sees,
King of the East although he seem, and girt
With song and flame and fragrance, slowly lifts
His golden feet on those impurpled stairs
That climb into the windy halls of heaven;
And here he glances on an eye new-born,
And gets for greeting but a wall of pain;
And here he stays upon a freezing orb
That fain would gaze upon him to the last:

And here upon a yellow eyelid fallen
And closed by those who mourn a friend in vain,
Not thankful that his troubles are no more.
And me, although his fire is on my face
Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell
Whether I mean this day to end myself,
Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
That men like soldiers may not quit the post
Alotted by the gods: but he that holds
The gods are careless, wherefore need he care
Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at once,
Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink
Past earthquake—ay, and gout and stone, that break
Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-life,
And wretched age—and worst disease of all,
These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,
And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,
Abominable, strangers at my hearth
Not welcome, harpies miring every dish,
The phantom husks of something foully done,
And fleeting through the boundless universe,
And blasting the long quiet of my breast
With animal heat and dire insanity.

Thus fearfully he portrays the evil passions of men. The description answers exactly to the present ragings of unholy lust. It is the White Fawn, in its undisguised abominableness.

—I scan him now
Beastlier than any phantom of his kind
That ever butted his brother-brute
For lust or lusty blood or provender:
I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and she
Loathes him as well; such a precipitate heel,
Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,
Whirls her to me: but will she fling herself,
Shameless upon me? Catch her goat-foot: nay,
Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness,
And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide? do I wish
What? that the bush were leafless or to whelm
All of them in one massacre? O ye gods,
I know you careless, yet careless, to you
From chilly want and ancient use I call—
I thought I lived securely as yourselves—
No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-spite,
No madness of ambition, avarice, none:
No larger feast than under plane or pine
With neighbors laid along the grass, to take
Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,
Affirming each his own philosophy—
Nothing to mar the sober majesties
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life—
But now it seems some unseen monster lays
His vast and filthy hands upon my will
Wrenching it backward into his: and spoils
My bliss in being; and it was not great;
For save when shutting reasons up in rhythm,
Or Hellenic honey in living words,
To make a truth less harsh, I often grew
Tired of so much within our little life,
Or of so little in our little life—
Poor little life that toddles half an hour
Crowned with a flower or two, and there an end.

Very fine is his allusion to Lucretia, who, to rid herself of a foulness of body less than that which taints his soul fell upon her husband's dagger.

Whose death-blow struck the dateless doom of kings,
When brooking not the Tarquin in her veins,
She made her blood in sight of Collatine
And all his peers, flushing the guiltless air
Spout from the maiden fountain in her heart.
And from it sprang the Commonwealth, which breaks
As I am breaking now!

This mental and moral chaos which possesses him, fit emblem and result of his material philosophy he thus expresses in terms of painful power:

Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,
Great Nature take, and, forcing far apart
Those blind beginnings that have made me man,
Dash them anew together at her will
Through all her cycles—into man once more,
Or beast, or bird, or fish, or opulent flower—
But till this cosmic order everywhere
Shattered into one earthquake in one day
Cracks all to pieces—and that hour perhaps
Is not so far when momentary man
Shall seem no more a something to himself,
But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes,
And even his bones long-laid within the grave,
The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,
Into the unseen forever—till that hour,
My golden work in which I told a truth
That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,
And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks
The mortal soul from out immortal hell,
Shall stand: ay, surely; then it falls at last
And perishes as I must; for O Thou,
Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
Yearned after by the wisest of the wise,
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art
Without one pleasure and without one pain.

With the apostrophe he plunges the knife into his breast and dies. The philosophy of to-day, Epicurean, earthly, sensual, devilish, chaotic and infernal he has intentionally portrayed. It is not Lucretius but Carlyle, Darwin, Mill, the spiritualists, the sensualists of the novel and the stage, all are here united and depicted in their cognate life and character. Let every Christian, every soul read and shudder, and shun this horror of great darkness and greater crime. Divine tranquillity of nature and of man is found only in Christ the Creator and Redeemer and Lord of both.

SPIRITUAL SOLITUDE.

BY REV. D. H. ELA.

It is God's policy to isolate men in spiritual things. He makes them stand alone. If they are not made to feel, like the prophet of Horeb, that there are no other worshippers of the true God, at least there are times when each follower of Christ does feel that none are called to the same experiences, and hence none can sympathize with him in the work or consecration to which he is called. God tests the sincerity of those who would

begin to follow Christ by requiring of them separation from the world. They must break away from all the world—their world—and seek God for themselves. Until the man feels that he would serve God though alone, he is not of the spirit of Christ. But this breaking away from all the world is isolation. It is not simply a change of companionship. It is rather a giving up of society. The old society under the awakening spirit of God may have become distasteful to a degree or have been found wanting in some vital element,—nevertheless to separate from it is, for the time at least, to accept solitude. The soul does not at once feel himself in fellowship with God's people. Often it is days or weeks before he feels that spirit which unites him with them, and meanwhile, voluntarily separated from the world, he walks in a solitary waste.

So also God's people pass through solitudes to the higher spiritual experiences. Like the Master they are led out into the wilderness—sometimes to be tempted of the devil—preparatory to the enlarged experience and work to which God calls them. It is not God's purpose to make his people uncharitable toward each other, rather to teach them the divine charity. Yet it often happens that a soul sincerely struggling upward toward God, and seeking a higher experience of the things of God, sees but too clearly the imperfections of other Christians, and occasionally feels like the prophet, I only am left to follow God. There is great danger in such seasons that "sour godliness," a spirit of harsh censoriousness, may be developed instead of the diviner charity which God designs to bring forth; which sees most clearly the imperfections of humanity, and yet remembers and imitates the love of God. In such experiences God tests the faith, and develops the strength of his people. If he shows them at last that he has thousands of as faithful followers, he first draws them out in personal and special consecration, and teaches them to trust not in the men but in God.

Thence the man of God goes out to draw men. If faithful in such experience he has acquired power with God and with men. He may cast his mantle on others, and make them prophets or servants of prophets. And this not by special effort to attract or to command, nor with special desire to do so. Rather, unconsciously and humbled at the discovery of the power and its results he will yet, by the simple drawings of the spirit, within him, lead others to Christ. In such solitude, the same in kind, though immensely beyond that of his people in degree, Christ dwelt. Such separation he asks of the Father for his disciples in his last prayer before the crucifixion. Such have they known who have been most like Christ in their power to persuade men.

HYMN OF NIAGARA.

(CHORALISTIC.)

Here stand! here from the flood, raving unceasingly
Hoarse, shrill, arise; shrill as the wind, when it
Rears through the trees stripped of their foliage,
Singing the wild anthem of liberty.

With these come to the ear, ever at intervals,
Quick notes, rattling and sharp; like the artillery
Heard when a storm, driving up rapidly,
Crashes the oaks down with its thunderbolts.

Now rise, muffled in mist, rolling up heavily,
Deep tones, awfully grand, shaking the earth, as they
Swell like the low bass of the thunder-storm,
Heard by the strained ear of the listener.

Thus float over the mist ever in harmony
Three tones, joyous and free, forming Niagara's
Anthem of praise, new every moment, yet
Changeless as time, old as eternity.

THOMAS HILL, President of Harvard University.
—Putnam's Monthly.

"ARE WE A CHRISTIAN NATION?"

What is it to be Christian? Is it not to believe in, and seek to become like, in moral character, the Lord Jesus Christ? How many are there in this nation that do thus? How many, even in the church, are there that consciously and resolutely and constantly strive to bring themselves into perfect subjection to the law of Christ?

If this is too much to ask, or to expect of the nation, how many are there who have even a settled and honest intention to govern their outward life, without devoting their heart, according to Christ's precepts? How many among the people? How many among the law makers? How many among the rulers? Why, the church itself—which is always the best of the land—is sadly deficient in firm and pervading Christian principle; what can be expected from the rest of the people?

Let us look into this matter a moment. Begin with the top. Look at the President! Look at the Capitol, and all who are in it! Some high and noble souls—many who have some high and noble traits; but how are they, taken all in all, and year by year? How far from Christian, both in public and private life. We should not dare look too closely at the conduct, or the hearts of the men we set on high to represent our nation.

Look at our State capitols and city halls, and see what manner of doings go on in them. Dare the most whitewashing reporter say that such things prove the Christianity of our nation?

Look at our law schools, our medical schools, our West Point. Sodom was scarcely less Christian than these places are, except when now and then God's Spirit enters the door and cleanses them for a season. Happy is it for human nature that the Holy Spirit can dwell where thou and I, reader, could not endure life.

Look at "society." Is it, with its glare, its hollowness, its pride, its lies, its weariness at morn, and its fever at night—is "society" Christian?

Look at "philanthropy." It calls man divine; and it calls Christ "the son of a peasant sire"—is "philanthropy" Christian? There is a true philanthropy, whose base, and whose life-blood are the love of Jesus Christ, and man for whom he died; but this is not that which the many really self-denying and zealous helpers of man, that are on every side, feel.

Look at literature. The very religious papers, while they on the one side have Christian teaching, on the other have covert thrusts and slurs at the truth, if nothing worse. Are these Christian?

Books, large and small—stories, long and short—are made on purpose to poison with infidelity the minds of our people. This, besides the thousand, thousand isms that, having no thought for or against Christianity, are merely heathen. Our school books are heathen. Christianity is as systematically kept out of them as politics are kept by some ministers out of religion. The mass of our scholars—are they Christian or heathen? And the churches; where is there one that contains not one or more known and felt transgressors, that has courage and fidelity enough to try and expel him?

Listen to the conversation of the people. How much do they speak to one another of the Lord, or the things that he loves? How many, even of those that would like to, feel free to speak at all times such things as the Lord loves to put down in his book of remembrance? Is the conversation of our nation Christian or heathen?

And, lastly, look at the family. How many, many times is that which should be a little heaven really much more like a little hell! The parents unjust, violent, unloving; and the children impudent, selfish, quarrelsome. Who does not know more such families than he would like to point out? Who is there who knows, intimately enough to be a good judge, more than two or three families really leavened and controlled, from father to youngest born, by loving, Christian principle? Are the families of our nation Christian or heathen?

It is a startling thing to look this subject fairly in the face. We are not a Christian nation. Britain is not a Christian nation. There is no Christian nation on the earth—this, if we use the name as He from whom we take it would use it. The world is "waiting" yet. The true heaven is working, but the world's will has never yet, in any nation, been fully turned towards Christ; and until that occurs, how can there be a true Christian nation? No wonder that our Lord, able to look down the ages until this time, and we know not how far beyond, uttered that ominous question: "But when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?"

God's Spirit seems now to be striving with our people in all directions through the land. O, let us, as many as be true and deep-hearted, cease not to work and pray, that when a new harvest of souls is gathered into the church, it may be of such as shall not give themselves rest nor peace until this our dear, troubled native land becomes "a Christian nation."

AUGUSTA MOORE.

JOAN WASTE.

Among many who glorified God by suffering martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary, Joan Waste, a poor woman, deserves never to be forgotten. Though blind from her birth, she learned at an early age to knit stockings and sleeves, and to assist her father in the business of rope-making; and always discovered the utmost aversion to idleness and sloth. After the death of her parents she lived with her brother, and by daily attending the church, and hearing divine service read in the vulgar tongue, during the reign of King Edward, became deeply impressed with religious principle. This rendered her desirous of possessing the word of God; so that at length, having by her labor earned and saved as much money as would purchase a New Testament, she procured one; and as she could not read it herself, got others to read it to her, especially an old man, seventy years of age, the clerk of a parish in Derby, who read a chapter to her almost every day. She would sometimes give a penny or two, (as she could spare,) to those who would not read to her without pay. By this means she became well acquainted with the New Testament, and could repeat many chapters without book, and daily increasing in sacred knowledge, exhibited its influence in her life, till, when she was about twenty-two years of age, she was condemned for not believing the Popish doctrine of Christ's bodily presence in the sacrament, and burned at Derby, August 1, 1556.—*Tonnet's Biblical Records.*

CHRIST THE MODEL PREACHER.

As to his mode of teaching, it was not systematic; and in this his example was imitated by the Apostles. The language and form in which it was delivered were unphilosophical; that is, instead of employing terms of science, He formed his expressions from passing occurrences, and whatever objects happened to be present to his hearers at the time of his addressing them. Or else He spoke in parables, or made use of that ancient symbolic language so often adopted by the Jewish prophets, as when he washed his disciples' feet, and set a child in the midst of them. As to the matter of his teaching, his discourses aim either at correcting what was perverted, and explaining what was obscure in the preceding state of morals and religious knowledge, or else they declare truths not before revealed. With the several leading topics which they embrace, the Christian reader is presumed to be familiar; and it is sufficient to observe briefly, that of the former kind are his exhortations of inward purity, as opposed to mere outward acts of obedience, and compliance with the spirit rather than with the letter of the precept. To the latter class belong the doctrines of Atonement and Grace; of the Trinity in Unity; certain points of revelation relating to a future state; and whatever else may be considered as peculiar to the Christian revelation.—*Bishop Hinds.*

THE SPLENDID PREACHER.

Richard Baxter preached as feeling that the truths of God were too great and glorious in themselves to be covered up with the little trappings of human adornments. He would as soon have thought of hanging the rainbow with tinsel. His eloquence consisted of rounded sentences. * * * He never preached a sermon to display his scholastic learning or his power of logic; but his aim was ever to win souls to Christ. If fine and elegant sermons are tolerated at all, it is in the press only, when they are to be read as discussions of a subject, and read either as an intellectual exercise or as a discipline of conscience. In the pulpit splendid sermons are splendid sins. They dazzle, and amuse, and astonish, like brilliant fireworks, but they throw daylight on no subject. They draw attention to the preacher instead of the subject. The splendid preacher, like the pyrotechnist, calculates on a dark night among his attendants; and amid the coruscation of the pulpit, his skill and art are admired and applauded, but Christ is not glorified. If angels weep and devils mock, it is at the pulpit door of a splendid preacher.—*Dr. Jenkyn.*

GOD'S WISDOM.

The church is in its preparation only for its future glory. The temple is only building, the lively stones are only gathering, polishing, and finishing for their respective places. As soon as an individual Christian is mature, he is removed; the harvests of each season, as soon as they ripen, are gathered in, and fresh growth succeeds. We see, therefore, but indistinctly and partially the fullness of God's wisdom and love in all that He is doing. What will be the coming maturity? If the present truth be so precious, what will be the fullness of truth and glory in the day of Christ, when all the saints are gathered together in the glorified bodies of the resurrection, in the presence of Christ; when we shall see Him as he is, and know as we are known? O, happy day, the Lord hasten it, and bring us each one to partake of it!—*Rev. E. Bickersteth.*

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.

Regular agricultural statistics seem to have been lately achieved, for the first time, in England. Its total acreage is 32 1-2 millions, and of Wales nearly 5 millions—37 1-2 millions in all. Of this, nearly 8 millions are devoted to the growth of cereals. In Scotland, scarcely more than one million out of twenty, is arable. The aggregate area under corn crops of all descriptions, in 1867, was 2,308,590 acres, against 2,278,784 acres in 1866; giving for the present year an excess of 109,806 acres. About 3 million acres are under wheat, which—estimating the average produce at 3 1-2 quarters (28 bushels) an acre—would give the aggregate yield of 1867 as 302,341,430 bushels; a balance of 1,447,182 bushels less than the crop of the previous year. Less wheat has been grown than usual the past year on account of special inducements to grow barley, which has fetched an unusually large price. The number of beasts in England and Wales (with four legs we presume) is returned as 4,017,790, against 3,848,435, in 1866. There are more than 6 millions more of sheep in Great Britain this year than last. Has the mutton-market heard of it?

THE MUSICAL CAT.

Monerif, in his biography of Mlle. Dupuy, the celebrated harpist, states that she was convinced that she owed her artistic excellence to her favorite cat. As soon as she began a prelude on the instrument her cat assumed an attitude of intense attention. On coming to any passage of peculiar beauty the excited grimalkin went into a feline ecstasy; and so well measured was this sensibility according to the excellence of the playing and the pathos of the composition, that Mlle. Dupuy was able to judge of the quality of the music by the manifest emotions of her cat. She came to believe that the nervous creature was an exact prophet, foretelling precisely how the music would affect a human audience.

To be thankful to God is not to say, "God be praised," or "God be thanked;" but to remember what he desires, and execute what he commands. To be thankful to God is certainly to love him, and to love him is to keep his commandments; so saith our Saviour, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."—*Chillingworth.*

THE HOME TABLE.

LIFE IN DEATH.

To the Memory of George A. Dyer, of East Boston.

HE DIED,—

As disappear the golden host
Of sunbeams, when the spectre ghost
Of darkness, stealthy, creeps abroad,
To rule the world with heavy rod,—
As bow the tender bud and leaf,
To chilling rain, in silent grief,—
Or as the fragile, fragrant rose
Its petals shuts to night's repose.

HE DIED,—

As gently too, as spring's warm breeze,
Will kiss the blossoms from the trees;
As die the wavelets on the shore,
When storms and raging wind are o'er,
As gently as when flowers feel
The blight and chill upon them steal.
He died as calmly as the night
Reclineth in the arms of light.

HE DIED

At noontide glory of his life,
Where eager for its fray and strife.
In all the power of manly truth,
In all the zeal of earnest youth.
Entwined about our hearts and hearth,
Where best were felt and known his worth.
In all our hopes and prayers and tears,
And sacred trust of future years.

HE DIED.

The rarest flowers that decked his clay
Ere borne from our embrace away,—
The silent echo of each room,—
The vacant chair and household gloom—
Recall each day the presence dear
"Of some one gone," who once was near.
"How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on."

HE DIED!

No more repeat this solemn strain,
No more indulge the sad refrain;
For passed this life and passed the skies,
His soul inhabits Paradise.
He lives, since Jesus died to save,
And conquered sin, death and the grave.
He lives forever and no throe
Of anxious care or pain will know.

HE LIVES!

Hear us, our Father, as we roam,
Afflicted sorely far from home:—
We place our hands in Thine and pray,
That Thou wilt lead us all the way.
Help us to walk by faith, and trust
That God is good and always just.
And howe'er severe the rod
'Tis but in mercy and from God.

BETTY BEESWAX.

A TRUE STORY.

Betty Beeswax! What a funny name! There were two reasons why the little girl of whom I am going to tell you got this name. The first reason was that her real name was Elizabeth. You must know that Betty Beeswax figured forty years ago, and in those days they made the last part of that name into Betty. The other reason why this little girl got this funny name, and the particular reason why she got the last name, was because she had a great relish for Beeswax; and the print of her front teeth was often found in her mother's work-basket when there was any Beeswax there.

I cannot tell you much about her when she was very little, only that once she was very sick, and they all gave her up to die. She lay like one dead for several days, and her grave clothes were got ready for her. I said they all gave her up, but her father said he did not,—he could not.

She had an old nurse named Margaret. This nurse was a very devoted Christian, though very ignorant. She thought that God pitied her ignorance, and taught her by his Spirit often to do particular things, and perhaps he did, we cannot tell; for her ignorance was something she could not help; she had no instruction when she was young, when it is the time to get instruction.

Just as little Betty was thought to be dead, this old nurse said that God told her what to do to make her live. She was to go and catch a chicken, and kill it, and while it was yet warm with blood, make a broth of it as quickly as she could, and give it in some way to the lifeless appearing little sufferer. This she did; though she said she caught a chicken once and let it go again, it seemed so foolish to think that could make the child live. But it did make it live; and I have heard its mother say that it began to revive after the very first spoonful was got into its system; and in a few hours it opened its eyes. I have since heard that such a prescription has been made by some of the greatest physicians; but this old nurse knew nothing of any such thing before.

I must now tell you the story of her childhood. It

is a strange story. I should doubt its truthfulness if I had not heard Betty Beeswax say since she has grown up that she has asked her own mother all about it, and she told her that it was true; it occurred in her own town.

Old Margaret, as she was very respectfully called, did not remember her father, but she remembered her mother, I think. At any rate other people remembered her, and that after Margaret's father had left her, or had died, she married a man that fancied her, and went away and left this child, Margaret, alone in the house to starve to death. Margaret had a mark on her face, and her looks did not suit the man that wished to marry her mother, and so he would not have her go with them. This had been told before they went away. Some time after they had gone, some persons went into the house that they had left, and they heard a singular sound, a low moaning; and it seemed to be in the wall. They could not tell what to think. The walls in those days were made of paneled boards, up as far as the chairs reached. I mean by paneled boards, boards made in strips like the panels of a door. Often in putting up these panels they would enclose some spaces wide enough for a little closet, because they did not make the most of every inch in building as they do now-a-days. Well, it was in one of these little spaces behind the wall, that the child Margaret was put, and shut in, and fastened in. She must have had a little air coming to her from under the unfinished floor in those spaces, or she would not have lived to make a sound, and would never have been found. It must be that her mother hoped somebody would find her, for she had put some bread in with her; the people that tore down the panels and found her, found some mouldy bread in there with her. She was almost dead. She was then taken as one of the town's poor, and taken care of just as it happened. She proved to be a very wicked child; and who wonders, when she had such a mother, if she partook of her mother's nature at all? And it seems she did, for they said she was very cruel.

When she got to be somewhat large, all the little children were afraid of her. She would catch them and play shoe them as they do horses, and drive sharp little nails through their thin shoes until their feet would bleed. Other things of this kind she was always ready to do. She took pleasure in frightening even grown people. One time she heard some men boasting that they never prayed; that they were not afraid of anything there might be in another world; that nobody could "scare" them into praying. She thought she would try it. They were millmen, and she knew they were the men that kept the mill sawing in the night. So she prepared herself to appear to them as a ghost, or apparition, from another world. It seems she knew that wicked people are cowards. Well, Margaret took a sheet with her, and got down among the logs where these men had to go in the middle of the night to get some to saw. She wrapped the large white sheet all around her, and when they came, she rose right up before them and stood still. They asked what was wanted, but she only made some unearthly sound. They were so frightened that they could not move. At last one asked the other if he could not pray. She was so amused at hearing that said that she laughed out, and they detected her but could not catch her.

As she grew older, she became worse and worse, and did many wicked things. At length God sent his Spirit into her heart, and showed her her great sinfulness. She did not know what was the matter with her; she could neither sleep, nor eat, nor stand alone. The doctor said she was not sick, he could not do anything for her. Some Christians who went to see her found what was the matter. After she had sufficiently repented, God forgave her, and she was one of the happiest persons that ever lived, and continued so ever afterwards. She was so afraid that she should sin again that she would often arise in the night and pray to God to keep her. I have heard a woman say who used sometimes to sleep with her, that after she got quite old, she would get up and kneel beside the bed in the middle of the night. When she would sing and speak of Jesus, her face would so shine with heavenly feelings that the children even in the meeting would notice it.

It was after she had got to be a strong Christian that she was the means of saving the life of little Betty Beeswax. Little Betty was always taught to love the old nurse for this particular reason; and she loved her always, for after she was converted she was always kind. When her parents moved from that part of the State to a distant part, they left the old nurse Margaret to have her home with other friends, and the little girl felt very sad about it. Old Margaret had a particular friend, a colored woman, named Venus. The parents of Venus had been slaves in Massachusetts; and for a while after they were liberated, they did not

seem to know what to do with their children when they were born; so they used to give them away just as we give away kittens when they are a few days old. Venus was given away in this manner when she was a few days old, and the people who had her, brought her up very nicely.

After she was past youth she used sometimes to wear a black satin dress, with a snowy white neckerchief, that made her look so nice, as Betty Beeswax used to think. The people that took her left her a good support when they died, so she was able to dress as she pleased. I suppose the particular reason why old Venus and old Margaret were such friends, was because they both loved God so devotedly. Old Margaret's first token of remembrance to little Betty after she with her parents had moved away, was a black doll, dressed in black satin, the perfect image of old Venus; and I have heard her say since she has grown up to be a lady, that this doll saved her in her childhood from all prejudice against colored people if they were only clean. I believe they usually keep as clean as white people do in their circumstances. But I have not told you much about Betty now; I must tell more about her the next time. I must subscribe myself,

BETTY'S ACQUAINTANCE.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA, NO. 19.

I am composed of 43 letters.

My 1, 2, 4, 3, 11, 15, 16, 24, is sinful.

My 15, 28, 32, is an organ of the body.

My 32, 31, 28, 25, is what farmers do.

My 39, 37, 17, is an animal of burden.

My 16, 13, 15, 25, 30, 31, 40, was stoned to death.

My 11, 7, 10, 21, was a good man.

My 15, 35, 41, 37, 21, 33, was a prophet.

My 29, 18, 27, 17, 33, 26, was a king in the time of Christ.

My 24, 3, 7, 29, 23, talked with God.

My 29, 7, 32, 12, 40, 22, 21, 41, 39, 40, 37, is a Book of the New Testament.

My 9, 19, 29, 31, is a sin.

My 20, 23, 14, 40, 24, is a pronoun.

My 8, 7, 26, is a preposition.

My 18, 11, 6, is an adjective.

My 38, 14, 40, 15, is a creeping vine.

My 36, 5, is a pronoun.

My 36, 42, 10, 34, 43, is a country.

My whole is found in the Old Testament. G. C. KING.

Answer to Enigma No. 17.

"My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways."

Answer to Enigma No. 18.

"Charity."

FROM HERE AND THERE.

A SCOTCH QUESTION.—The Scotch preacher, Erskine, once proposed a "poser" to a recreant brother, a blacksmith. Erskine determined to silence him. The conversation proceeded as follows:

"Walter Simpson."

"Here, sir," says Walter. "Are ye wanting me?"

"Attention, sir! Now, Walter, can you tell me how long Adam stood in a state of innocence?"

"Aye,—till he got a wife," instantly replied the anvil hammerer. "But can you tell me how long he stood after?"

"Sit down, Walter," said the discomfited divine.

A HAPPY HEART.—A little boy came to me this morning with a broken arrow, and begged me to mend it for him. It was a very handsome arrow, and was the pride of his heart, just then, so I did not wonder to see his lip quivering, and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said, "but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments, and then said, cheerfully:

"Never mind, mamma; 'if you can't fix it, I'll be just as happy without it.'"

Wasn't that a brave, sunny heart? And that made me think of a dear little girl, only three years old, whom I once saw bringing out her choicest playthings to amuse a little homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk, with bands of gilt paper for straps—a very pretty toy; but careless little Fred tipped the lid so far back, and broke it off. He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears said:

"Never mind, Freddie; just see what a cunning little cradle the top will make."

Dear little Minnie went to live with the angels a few years ago, but we have a great many such sweet memories to keep of her.

Keep a happy heart, little children, and you will be like sunbeams everywhere you go.—Little Corporal.

James Oliphant, minister of Dunbarton, had a curious habit of making running comments, in a low tone of voice, as he read the Scriptures. Hence—as he never cured himself of the practice—those seats that were nearest the pulpit were the most highly prized. Here are two samples of his "pulpit notes."

Reading of the swine rushing into the sea, he muttered, "O that the devil had been choked too!" Reading Peter's remark, "We have left all and followed Thee," he said, quietly, "Aye, boastin', Peter, aye braggin'—what had ye to leave but an auld crazy boat and may be twa or three rotten nets?"

THE MONTHLIES.

The *Riverside* for May is as beautiful as any of its predecessors. "Feeding the Calf" is its frontpiece, a charming picture. "Hunter and Tom," by Jacob Abbott, "Pomerania at Whitsuntide," "The Young Virginians," by Paul Crayon, "Francis Huber," "The Arbutus Quest," "Barrels and Beans," with lots more true, lively and finely pictured articles, make up a delightful number. Children catch cold gathering Mayflowers. Only gather two subscribers to THE HERALD, and we will send you this best of the flowers of May, blossoming monthly all the year.

Harper's for May abounds and superabounds as usual in picturesque papers. "Among the Andes," and "Cradle Lands" bring the westernmost West, and easternmost East together. "Voyage in the Rob Roy" is exquisitely illustrated. Other papers and chit-chat make up the usual taking number.

Putnam's *Monthly* begins with a very quaint and juicy essay on "Instinct Democratized," by M. B. Benton, of America. It shows how Darwinism in its known operations perverts nature; spoils good instincts to create wrong ones. The poet singles with the philosopher in this genial talk. "Out of Service" is a good religious poem. President Hill, of Harvard, offers the muse a tribute gathered from Niagara. It is noticeable for its rhythm and its analysis of Niagaraian sounds. "Life in Great Cities, Talks of San Francisco. The Mississippi River is a good geographical article. "Women and Work" touches on the most popular of American questions. It seems the girls of to-day are different from those of previous ages. It says "they look upon marriage as the one thing for which they were born and brought up." When did they not? When will they not? When ought they not? Should not men be taught a little of this feeling also? Don't they indulge it to a considerable extent? Does not every true husband and father put his family life above his professional? Is not his wife and children more than honors, wealth, or studies? Women and men too should recognize this central law of humanity. They do. While woman should have as good wages, according to her family necessities as men, and while she should also have perfect equality before the law, suffrage included, she should feel that her highest human life is found in marriage. So should man. Both holding their love to God and life in God alone superior to their love and life in each other.

The *Atlantic* opens with a talk on "Horses." It perhaps intends it as a political leader for the Grant campaign; being undoubtedly on a subject in which the new President is profoundly versed, and more interested than most political discussions. It traces almost all the famous horses of America to Messenger, an English gray horse imported into New York in 1783. Was that horse a messenger of good or evil to America? It is like the printing press and the Presidency. Wheat and tares grow in every field; racing and gambling cling to the best horses as the devil does to the best tunes. Yet also horses are not to be despised because of the turf. Parton is out again on his "Roman Catholic Brethren." A shrewd advertisement is it of the Papists. They must chuckle as they see *The Atlantic*, which never yet allowed an evangelical article in its columns, to spread the butter and honey so thick and slab on their slice of bread. Parton all the time talks as if we Protestants combined all who are not Papists; a great mistake. Protestants like Luther and Calvin never had any sympathy with skeptics like Servetus and Erasmus, and Rabelais, and the herd of infidels that followed them. So when Mr. Parton asks that tracts to counteract the Papal tracts be issued by Protestants, of whom does he speak? of the Tract Societies or evangelical clergymen? O no. This is his list of tract writers: "Mr. Emerson, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Norton, Mr. Curtis, Dr. Bellows, Horace Greeley, Dr. Chapin, Mr. Mayo, Mr. Higginson, Mrs. Stone, Gail Hamilton, Mr. Beecher, Goldwin Smith, Charles Dickens, and all the other good fellows of either sex who love their species and have a wise or friendly word to say to them." Three only of the list profess orthodoxy and not one is a pungent evangelical with a full purpose to oppose a pungent Papist. Two penny's worth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack. He knows nothing about Protestantism in its vital forces, and cares nothing about it. He sneers constantly at Methodists as camp meeting ranters. Only once does he make any obelance. When he describes Father Hecker's Publishing Society, he says "it has been formed precisely similar in design to the Methodist Book Concern," and adds, "Our Roman Catholic brethren are adopting one after another all our Protestant plans and expedients." But does not Mr. Parton know that a parody never equals its original, or a counterfeit the true coin? He is chiefly interested in Father Hecker, who swung from Fenianism, the Brook Farm and Thoreau's hut, with nine cents a day, to Papacy—a natural swing. Thoreau was a hermit and a monk without any religion. Hecker is one with a false religion. All this argument for the Papists will only help to open the eyes of Christians to their true mission. This false Christ which has deceived Hecker will yet probably absorb most of the heretical church. Emerson and Norton will be far more likely to follow Hecker and Brownson than Huntington. *The Atlantic* and *North American* will yet be altogether, as they now are, almost Papal journals, and "Reason or Rome," as Mr. Hale puts it, will become Reason and Rome—false reason, false Rome. Yet the Lord Jehovah reigns, and the Papal Church, if it absorbs every false doctrine and doctrine, will make but little headway against the united, living, zealous church of the Lord Jesus. Mr. Everett Hale has a good story. "Did he take the Prince to Ride?" an imaginary visit to various sorts of Boston houses with the Prince. It is in his best vein. Whittier and Lowell have two good poems, Lowell's being especially superior in fancy and feeling.

The *Galaxy* appears enlarged and beautified, with Sheldon & Co. as publishers. This is the seventh or eighth monthly issued by a leading publishing house. They seem to monopolize this department. It has only one column to a page, contains many full-paged pictures, is lively, taking and progressive. In an article on "Our Millionaires," it shows that the "Upper Ten" is not, as has been usually considered a contraction of ten thousand, but must be taken literally; ten men owning a tenth part of the taxable property of New York city,

or fifty millions of dollars, which actually represents over a hundred millions. Richard Grant White has a good article on "Words and their Uses;" Mark Twain a funny one, on "How he lost his Secretaryship." Other papers are more or less valuable. *The Galaxy* will make a good cluster in the heavens of print—black stars on a white sky.

THE SPRING QUARTERLIES

Follow the spring monthlies as fruits follow blossoms. They are of a more nutritious sort, though they still contain the compressions of the leaf in their solid shape. The *North British* opens the list with a keen article on Renan—one of the best of its excellent orthodox essays. It expresses many fresh thoughts in fine terms. Thus on critics and authors: "An author is a sort of literary jackal or lion's provider to the critical appetite. A second-hand omniscience is the proper function or the reasonable aspiration of a fortnightly review." "Christianity is the only system which gives meaning to misery." He proves Renan to be still a papal priest in his feelings and treatment—dogmatic and anti-rational. Thus he satirizes his views of the people and the gospel:

In Athens, in New England, there has always been the assumption, in one form or another, that all the Lord's people are prophets: in Christendom the Gospel is preached to the poor, but one always seems to hear M. Renan muttering under his breath, "This people, which know not the law, is—blessed." He applauds the wisdom of the Catholic Church in withdrawing the Bible from the people. Of course the reason is ready; Americans and Englishmen read the Bible; all exercise their private judgment on theology, and antiquity is taught at Oxford as badly as in the days of Rollin. In France, no one reads the Bible, no one forms a theology of his own, and France is at least as enlightened as England, Old or New. No doubt it is better for the poor to read the Bible than nothing, but they might easily have better books to read; and then we have the old example of the bad effects of the Old Testament upon the Puritans. M. Renan obviously thinks that the monopoly of priests was a good preparation for the monopoly of men of science; obviously also he feels with the corrupt clergy of the Middle Ages, that such exclusive pretensions need some apology; that it is invidious to take away the key of knowledge. The Mediaeval clergy recommended the people to look at the painted windows while mass was being said in an unknown tongue.

Thus truthfully it portrays this elegant destructive:

M. Renan . . . had desired the graceful and modest function of the bee, which gathers honey from the flowers which it did not plant, which it cannot harm, and which it may sometimes help to fertilize, but that experience had taught him that though he could not taste the sweetness of the lime-tree, he could not impart it to others, and that people said the garden was withered where he passed; that he was more grieved than surprised when enemies compared him to the voracious sloth, which strips the trees of the forest, then drops to the ground; and if it survives the fall, drags itself slowly and painfully along till it finds another forest to strip.

"The Relation of Popular Philosophy to Life" is a fine argument against materialism or sensationalism. It explodes the great modern heresy from Hobbes to Mill, and sets up Wordsworth as the poet of the true Ideal, which is found alone in experimental Christianity. Very able is its defense of the gospel, and very acute its answers to the philosophers who denounce it. The dislike of men of taste to evangelical religion, which John Foster wrote a treatise to remove, rests on a deeper ground than any eccentricities in the religion or any misapprehensions of it on the part of men of taste.

It had a real connection with the outcry from men of the same sort against the new lyrical poetry. Each arose from the impossibility of adjusting the conception of man as a bundle of tastes, and therefore passive, to the real activity of his spirit.

The relations of philosophy and religion he elaborates more fully thus:

An evangelical Christian will commonly sum up his objections to philosophy in the statement that the philosopher does not know what sin, or, by consequence, what the righteousness of God, is. There is a sense, no doubt, in which this is true of philosophy in every form. To believe is not the same thing as to account for one's belief, any more than to be an artist or to be moral is the same thing as to give an account of one's art or morality. Thus the practical religious experience, in vibration between its two poles of conscious sin and forestalled righteousness, is distinct from that interpretation of the experience, as not a mere unaccountable feeling of individuals, but a necessary result of the manifestation of the Divine Spirit in time, which it is the office of philosophy to give. But as the interpretation presupposes the experience, so, unless interpreted, the experience is liable to self-limitation and self-deceit. It is only a false abstraction of one from the other, reducing religion to an emotion and philosophy to a formula, that brings them into antagonism. The high function claimed for philosophy by Plato, Spinoza, or Hegel, seems ridiculous or blasphemous to an ordinary man, because he thinks of it as a mere intellectual exercise of this or that person's brain, which may be pursued in as complete independence of religion as a geometrical problem. Regard religion in the same way as the experience of this or that individual "heart," and it must seem not necessarily to result in any philosophical theory of itself. Regarded, however, in their truth,—in that fullness of their tendencies and relations which can be seen only in the history of thought,—while religion is found constantly interpreting itself into philosophy through the middle stage of theology; philosophy on its part is seen to be the effort towards self-recognition of that spiritual life of the world, which fulfills itself in many ways, but most completely in the Christian religion, and to be thus related to religion as the flower to the leaf.

The religious and philosophical editor of the *North American*, wonderful in both spheres would find his religion and philosophy both converted and made new created in Him in whom alone dwelleth real philosophy and real religion by a study of such essays as these, which some time will find entrance into his own pages. "Montalembert's Monks of the West" is a very interesting monograph of the piety and zeal of these early sacrificing itinerants. The Irish monks surpassed most in this faithfulness and devotion. May their true sons, the present itinerants, soon renew their land in righteousness.

The *Christian Examiner* for March opens with a characteristic paper by Jas. Freeman Clarke, on Rousseau. He palliates his creed and conduct, and demands that the devil shall not be painted blacker than he is. It is a more dangerous article than Lowell's late essay in *The North American*, though that was bad enough in its declaration that genius and virtue were not to be considered as co-ordinates and inevitable associates, and that we must honor genius even if it does not hon-

or virtue. He shows Rousseau to be full of emotionalism, religious and other; he fails to declare how that sentimentalism was joined to the most obdurate indifference to even ordinary duties. "He believes firmly in God in an age of Atheism," he says; but he surpassed the Atheists many of them, in serving his own lusts. He disbelieved the miracles of the New Testament. "This was the whole amount of his infidelity." What is left to doubt? If the miracles of Christ's birth and resurrection are denied, what does his Christ amount to any more than Renan's or Parker's, of whom Mr. Clarke is yet a faithful eulogist.

He claims for Rousseau the parentage of most modern ideas in democracy, education and women's rights,—a great mistake, as these principles are all found in the Gospel and in Puritanism. He rightly commends his admirable genius for expression. He was the Goldsmith and Burns of France, full of sweetness and sublimity, of wit and fancy, with a style like an English river, but with no principle in life, no solid, enduring, commendable character. "Apollonius of Tyana" is a Pagan Christ redivivus to suit the needs of the skeptics of to-day, who, refusing the real Christ, are seeking to erect Emerson into that post. It is interesting as showing how all ages and people, Greek and Jew, Boston Radical and Roman idolator ask for God manifest in the flesh. He was brought forth in the third century to oppose the true Christ; but this reviewer declares him to have been cold, commanding, egotistic, mixing much that is false with little that is true. "Confucius" is sketched by Mrs. Dall, another Pagan Christ, to whom we are glad to see Mrs. Dall does not liken him; though her estimate of the Christ is far too narrow and feeble. The best article of the number is a survey of the former and present parish systems of New England, by J. H. Allen. It shows how greatly things are changed in our country towns; when the minister was elected by the town like any other officer; held his post for life like a judge, was supported like its other officers by tax, and the meeting-house was preaching-house, mass meeting-house, town meeting-house—a "meeting" house truly, and not exclusively a Christian church in its modern signification. It shows how the term of service is reduced from fifty to five, that almost a majority of the churches are without pastors, that a majority of the people have no church home. But what is lost in breadth may be gained in depth. The Christian light, fervor and movement of to-day excel those of the good old times.

The *Congregational Review* differs from its nominal class in being more magazinish. Its articles are brief, many and colloquial, rather than long and exhaustive of topic, writer and reader. It is soundly Orthodox, and quite entertaining. Dr. Marvin opens with a good essay on "Truth," "Moses Stuart," "Are we a Christian Nation," the "Abbe Mullois on Preaching," "Tilton's Poems," "Alcohol," "Baptism not Immersion," and two short sermons are among its topics. Its Round Table is spread with dishes delectable to critical appetites. We wish Dr. Marvin large success in his new enterprise.

The *Theological Eclectic* (Moore, Wiltach & Baldwin), 60 Walker Street, New York, contains four papers. "Moral Themes and Christian Ethics," from *The North British*; the "Metaphors of Paul drawn from the Greek Games," from the *Sunday Magazine*, the "Christian Conscience," by Dean Alvord, and "Recent Researches in Jerusalem," from *The British Quarterly*. The articles are selected with reference to more popular demands than usual. They are all valuable. No Review is cheaper or abler than *The Theological Eclectic*.

The *Baptist Quarterly* is still by far the handsomest serial issued in this country. The *North American* nor any of the new monthlies have so exquisite a grace of page and type and paper and cover as this. Its contents are worthy of its aspect, though they are less comely in style than valuable in contents. Dr. Talbot discourses on the Theanthropy of Christ, advocating the participation of the divine with the human nature in his sufferings. "Since the union of the two natures was not a formal but a real life-union, the presumption is that the divine in Christ participated with the human in his suffering." He well adds, "Against this presumption we cannot conceive of anything that reason is competent to allege, and the Scriptures are silent." Colenso's attack on Christianity is concluded. It is a very valuable translation, and the work of collecting and uniting it in a harmonious whole from the Extracts in Origen must have been a severe task, for which Prof. Pepper deserves the thanks of theologians. It is especially useful as proving that there is nothing new in infidelity. Christ was but an angel or superior being. Christ was only one of the gods. The Christians are accused of intolerance because they will not share his worship. "Exclusion unparalleled, bigotry insufferable," sounds very like Parker, *The Liberal Christian*, the *Collyers*, and *The North American*. The incarnation, resurrection and crucifixion are ridiculed. His argument is adroit, impassioned and bewildering to all who have not regenerating faith and sound reason. "The Late Survey of Jerusalem" is summed up by Rev. Mr. Burrage. He shows that while much is done, more is left undone. The south wall of the Temple enclosure has been sounded to a depth of one hundred and thirty feet; the rock of the Sepulchre and of Golgotha are seemingly confirmed; and enough is done to whet the appetite for more. We agree with *The Quarterly* in urging America to appoint an engineer to co-operate with the British officers. Dr. Arnold defends the "Christian Sabbath," shows that the Sabbath Paul gives liberty to observe is not the Christian but the Jewish Sabbath, that the seventh day of the week is never mentioned in the Old or New Testament as the authorized holy day, but only "the seventh day," and that "the first day of the week" occurs no less than eight times in the New Testament. He also shows that the work and rest of Christ is made precisely analogous in the Letter to the Hebrews to the work and rest of the Father in Creation, and that therefore his day of rest could and should properly replace its parallel and antitype. The whole essay ought to be put in a tract for general distribution. Rev. Mr. Hart dissents from close communion, on the Methodist and right ground, that though baptism is by usage and propriety a precedent of the Lord's Supper, it is not so by ordinance; and hence they can commune with those whom they do not think scripturally baptized, if they believe them scripturally converted. Any way so that we have the communion. We do not doubt their notions as to the sole scriptural validity of immersion will disappear when we drink and eat together the body and blood of the Lord.

THE HERALD.

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PROTESTANTISM, ITS DANGERS AND DUTIES.

ROMISH TYRANNY OUR FIRST NATIONAL DANGER.

If Christianity is not practical in its effects it is of little value. Having its foundation in the love and goodness of God as applied to man made in his image, it must not only seek the ultimate purity and happiness of man in that fixed moral state, the great hereafter to which he journeys, but must act practically in preparing him, or conditioning him in this life for that enjoyment. The whole genius of the gospel, its entire moral and providential machinery, is created for and adapted to that end. Its perfection in general principles and practical laws, as well as in the minuter details of their application, some fixed and some contingent upon opening providences, have been, in every age, an insurmountable barrier to the progress of any dangerous form of infidelity, and have won from the best minds of every age an acknowledgment of the divinity of the system. Hence infidelity has never made substantial progress excepting where there was first a moral debasement of the heart, sufficient foulness to poison the intellect and corrupt the sources of intelligent reasoning.

But Christianity, to be a power, must in affecting each individual for good, affect also the aggregate of individuals, by which we mean society. Society is the State. Hence Christianity is political as well as moral in its workings; that is, it has to do with the moral in government, and to subserve the highest interests of man it must not only inquire how far it is responsible for the form of government, the character of law, and consequently of law-makers and executives of laws, but it must permeate the whole structure of government, and season with a high moral law every department of the State.

We are not speaking of party or partisan principles. We are pleading for the rightful authority of God's great, comprehensive, loving gospel to man, and for an open road and no barriers to the successful fulfillment of its grand designs. We are not entering a plea for any particular form of government as something exclusive in the divine economy, for we do not acknowledge the exclusiveness of any form of organization or polity either in Church or State. Both are children of the providences of God, and He who is wise to found empires indicates their character and guards the good in them through all their preparatory stages, until they reach the requisite point, in their full maturity of power for good. So that in form merely both the Church and the State, or civil government, are born of Providence, and their first law is change or progress.

We have accepted our republic as the latest born and most improved system, possessing the best elements of progress. It rests, under God, wholly in the hearts and brains of the people. The moral character of the people, with us peculiarly, indicates the character of the State.

AMERICA'S FIRST DANGER.

What is our danger in the future? In our judgment, it is not to be found in any educated, cultivated, or refined skepticism or infidelity, but in its opposite. The elements of danger to us are ignorance, superstition and intolerance, occupying the seats of power in the individual, and aggregated consolidated and made effective by welding at the altar of a church, so that the three become one as a matter of religion and conscience, and, bound hand and foot, lie at the altar of that church, fully and completely subject to the will of a corrupt, determining intelligence, which declares its own infallibility and claims both spiritual and temporal supremacy by direct order of God. This dwarfed and misdirected mental mass, with its intense but ignorant devotion to forms of ritualism as essential to true worship and future well-being, is connected with the State directly and vitally by the ballot, and hence, by a word, an edict from the high source of claimed intellectual and moral infallibility, this whole representative army is made to move for the changing and shaping of the character of the State. In a word, our danger in the future is from Romanism.

This danger is apparent from several considerations. The character of Romanism itself is one of the loudest

voices of warning which history can utter in the ears of an intelligent people. It claims to be Christian in its essential nature, and we admit its original birth into the brotherhood. That is about all we can admit, for it has so changed in essential features that it has struck down and cast out almost every distinctive feature of the Christian system. Were the Divine Nazarene in the flesh, he would not acknowledge it except as he did Judaism and its temple, to be purified with "a scourge of small cords." He would be forced to cast out the speculators in indulgences, or the right to sin for a penalty which in the tangible coin of the realm now finds its way into the purses of the priests or the treasury of the church. Whatever the Romish Church may have been in her past, or earlier history, she has been, and is now, far removed from the simple purity of doctrine and worship required by the gospel and its divine author.

Besides, her history is a fearful one. Wherever she has obtained a foothold, there her hands, bloody with crimes against humanity and religion, have seized the machinery of the State; dictated to rulers and people alike; established inquisitions with their secret chambers of torture and subterranean cells in which to bury the living; arrested, tortured and imprisoned for conscience, and murdered for so small an act as the entering of a mental disclaimer against her infallibility, or her divine right to exel the Prince of Evil himself in the use of infernal cruelties, under the guise of "the judgment of the Church against heretics." This church is hoary with crimes, and history comes to us laden with a recital of their horrors. As she was in spirit, so she now is, unchanged. The difference between her past and present in this regard is to be found in her surroundings; in her present inability to carry out her wishes or develop her nature in its full extent.

The present political position of Romanism is another indication of our danger. Speculate as we may upon the changes which, silently or more openly and by war, have been taking place in Europe, since the last French revolution and the assumption of power by the present Emperor of France, yet one thing has been clear and clearly observed by the most casual reader of events, to wit: That the temporal supremacy, and even influence of Papacy, has been crumbling beneath the Papal tiara. The war between France and the Austrian Hapsburgs; the protecting bayonets of Napoleon in Italy; the rise of the Italian Confederation and the popular election of a King in Italy; the popular clamor for a perfect and comprehensive union of the Italian States after our own model; the appearance, the almost idol-worship paid to Garibaldi, his successes and even his temporary defeat, caused by the position of France and the expediency of Louis Napoleon; the narrow confines of the present Papal dominions; the utter powerlessness of all Papal fulminations, bulls, and solemn condemnations of nations or rulers, "by bell, book, and candle;" the emancipation of people's minds and consciences; in a word, the entire march of Providence, in later history, is a pledge that this decayed and musty corpse, from which vital Christianity long since fled, is to find either a burial in, or an ejection from Europe. Its days of prosperity, if not of mere existence, are numbered, in the Old World.

It cannot thrive as a sect of Christianity, because it lacks moral force and purity within itself. Separated from its temporal power; its claimed authority to dictate to nations and rulers; its demand for utter supremacy over the conscience in all things; its own infallibility; its machinery and tinsel of worship; its pretended miracles, which both the spirit and genius of a true Christianity, as well as science have condemned; its priestly celibacy and chain of nunneries; in a word, separate it from its hoary accretions of centuries, and there is nothing of moral force left in it to combat the civilization of these more modern times. Europe will soon shake off the dead leper from its conscience and from the State, and then its progress toward millennial history will be rapid and sure.

Where will Papacy look for its future resting-place and seat of temporary or permanent power? To suppose that it will give up the ghost of organization without a struggle, is simply absurd. Shorn of strength and dead among the nations, which from an experience of its terrors and corruptions have learned to fear and cast it out, it must seek in newer and fresher fields victims upon which to prey. There is no country in Europe which will allow it a seat and a throne, even of spiritual supremacy, for Europe has learned the nature of the system, and this important fact—that the spiritual supremacy of Romanism is entirely contingent upon its being able to grasp and control temporal or State organizations. There is no place for its throne in Asia, and Africa is every way unfitted to become other than a place of final sepulchre for its remains. Neither continental nor island of the Old World can receive the de-

cayed throne and its priestly incumbent without digging a grave for it and him.

How is it upon this side of the Atlantic? In South America entire, there is no field for its action commensurate with its ambitions, and should it seek a lodgment in either of its governments, it would be practically in exile, and the question of its demise one of brief time only. We have carefully examined every location and government in that quarter of the world, and none have the requisites for Papal feeding and growth. The system has eaten like a cancer into the very vitals of those countries already, and in intelligence, enterprise, and all that makes an advanced civilization and national power, they are as bad and some of them worse than Mexico. In the latter country there is no room for "His Holiness" as a temporal power. The late experiment of Louis Napoleon to place an Austrian upon a monarchical throne, and sustain him by French bayonets, is a sufficient test for monarchy or absolutism for this century at least.

There are but two places left, to wit: Canada and the United States. In the former the jealousy of Great Britain is an effectual barrier, for she has learned a sad lesson, and would as soon admit all Rome, with all her priestly assumptions to her home isles as she would to her provinces. There is then but one open door to the hunted and dying Papacy, ostracized as it has been and is by an advancing civilization and intelligent Christianity from its home in the Eastern world, and that is the United States. To this quarter the eyes of its Pope, Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and more intelligent supporters, have for some years been turned. The unexpected rise and character of the popular tide in Italy; the sudden display of the popular sentiment in Rome itself in favor of Garibaldi and free, united Italy; the manifest emancipation of the Roman and Italian conscience from the chains which held it captive to the Papal throne; the suspicious character of the professed attachment of the few European sovereigns who acknowledge its existence, and whistle in derision at its edicts or opinions; its position in Europe as a cypher of less moment than "the sick man" who is the embodiment of a dying Islamism,—have hurried somewhat the plans and purposes of the immediate supporters of the Papacy. The preparation for a temporary exile to some convenient island in the Mediterranean has been deemed essential under certain contingencies, but for a permanent seat and a renewal of the lease of ecclesiastical and civil life, the position of the United States of America has been selected.

NO STEP BACKWARD.

We regret that our Pittsburgh sister (not her of the tinted face, but of the tinted heart) is so greatly disturbed at all the home sayings and doings of THE HERALD. Our church Advocate of that beclouded city is wonderfully attentive to the notes it fancies it finds in our eyes, and as wonderfully inattentive to the beams that so greatly impede its own vision. It has now found a new mare's nest. The action of the New England Conference in reference to the announcement of Bishop Ames of an intention to transfer ten or twelve colored brethren to their body, it thinks "is a milk and water affair;" and it concludes that "ZION'S HERALD owes it to common sense to remain silent on caste hereafter."

If *The Advocate* will please inform us what more an anti-caste position could do than has been done by the Conference or THE HERALD, we will most cheerfully confess that both have fallen into as low a state of grace as itself, and that with it we shall have to cry bitterly for forgiveness. Three ways that announcement could have been considered: Silently, objectingly, approvingly. It was a very novel act to announce a contemplated introduction of ministers in large numbers into a body. Had they been from any Conference, or into any Conference that is considered full, even the Pittsburgh, there would have been no little commotion. Every member of an old Conference is aware of this sensitiveness. To have a dozen new men coming into its ranks and taking the best appointments—as such new comers usually do, and as these would probably certainly have done—would have been met everywhere by the most earnest protest. Had the announcement been that a dozen members of the Pittsburgh Conference were to be transferred to this body the ensuing year, it would have been "resolved" against vehemently, even if the pill had been sugar-coated with such excellent names as the Editor of *The Advocate* and Principal of the College. But this declaration was not so met. The resolutions welcomed them heartily, but also and most properly declared that they ought to be stationed acceptably to the churches, and that they would do all in their power to secure such acceptance. This is farthest possible from "backing down," or "milk and water." The resolution was amended, not substantially but verbally, by one of our most influential and

radical brethren, Rev. Wm. Rice, who declared that this Conference would never go back on its declarations of years. More than ten years ago he, with Rev. Dr. Thayer, who received the highest votes of any delegate to the General Conference at this session, opposed successfully any resolutions or efforts in favor of Wilberforce University because it was a colored college, aiming then to open all our colleges to all students, as they do now to open all our churches to all pastors. From that hour the Conference has had only one testimony. At this session it not only petitioned the General Conference to remove the restrictions on Bishop Roberts, but also declared its willingness and desire to have him sent to preside over its sessions. Is this "backing down?" Why then this spring of *The Advocate* at the wise course it pursued? Thus it says, "We shall be heartily glad to have them stationed among us. We will do all we can to induce our churches to receive them."

The Conference and *THE HERALD* are Methodists. We believe in the voice of the people. New York ought to elect Frederick Douglass to Congress; but we do not say that Congress should announce him when unelected a member. The Trustees of the Pittsburg College should invite Miss Barrett to return, but not that Bishop Simpson, their President, should of his Episcopal or Presidential prerogatives put her there against their vote. He might and should urge it; he cannot compel it. *The Pittsburg Advocate* ought to urge her return; but it ought not, ready as it is in assigning others their duties, to declare that she shall return against the will of its governors. As *The Advocate* is so concerned about our personal well being, always making that a centre of its assault—a compliment we have never yet returned, perhaps we can tell it a story illustrative of the true way as it appears to us. At our last charge there was an excellent brother "cut in ebony," a local preacher, ordained deacon by Bishop Ames. We wished to have him elected class leader. We could have appointed him with or without announcement, as the bishop can now his brethren over our churches. His class asked for him. His name was brought before the official board. Objections were made on the ground solely of his color, and the nomination laid over. A few months of kindly talk and of his own excellent conduct, convinced the few dissenters, and of their own accord they said to the pastor, "we wish you would appoint Bro. Freeman leader." It was instantly and gladly done, and to-day he is one of the most popular leaders in one of our most popular city churches, the only brother of his complexion in all our church holding that office in an almost entirely white church over an entirely white class. So if the Bishop desires, as we trust and believe he does, for its effect on the whole church to break down the middle wall of partition, by placing brethren of color over what are chiefly white congregations, he will find New England heartily co-operating. If he will send our churches one or more of that ten or twelve, as a sort of first fruits, who are attractive preachers, there is no doubt of their acceptance; in which the Conference will greatly rejoice.

We have devoted more space to the matter than it deserves from the strictures of our associate. We are aware of its relation to our whole work, that Southern and Central—the latter untruly called "Border"—Conferences, will be apt from these statements to misinterpret the position of New England to their own harm.

The church may not, perhaps, do more than advise and urge a constituted Conference to abolish caste. It can forbid new Conferences from recognizing it. Our work in the North can never attain Christian perfection until it ceases to place more importance on the color of a Christian's skin than on the state of his heart. But what must be plucked up in old churches ought not to be planted in new. If we cannot yet have manhood suffrage in the old States, we at least need not allow the contrary sort in those newly constructed. Congress has proceeded on this wise course. It refuses to allow any distinction where it has the power. It urges its abolition where its power is limited. So should the church. So does the New England Conference. So has *THE HERALD* always. They beg their brethren to conquer their prejudices. They demand that new fields shall not be cursed with this sin. Our brother seems to think the position of this journal a modern one. He is greatly mistaken. It is thirty years old. The abatement of the slavery controversy brings this into prominence. That is all. It has always opposed this caste idea in New England and everywhere. It always will. Even if the coming General Conference should make it its organ and appoint the Pittsburg editor over it, its policy and preaching would not change. It may properly say of its editors and itself,

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

May all our Quarterly Conferences, south and north,

east and west rise to the greatness of the hour and co-operate with the clergy and the bishops in this act of true Christianity. May *The Pittsburg Advocate* co-operate with *THE HERALD* and with our distinguished bishop whom we are glad and proud to welcome to this glorious warfare and urge the abolition of this sin against God and man from its own college and community, from every church and every heart. And if New England should seem in any eyes to falter in the conflict, and her banner to trail in the hour of real test and trial, though it be but a seeming, may not her allies stay to heap on her reproaches for cowardice, but seize the flag she has borne so long, and carry it forward to the divinely ordered, divinely certain victory. Every journal that shall be tempted to take up this railing accusation against her, will, we trust, admit our defense, and more than that, will justly answer their charges by a superior faithfulness, if such their conscience suggests, as possible to God and the Right.

CHRIST IN AMERICAN HISTORY.*

Many essays have been written on the subject of God in History, but this is the first effort to trace His presence elaborately in the life of a nation. Many histories of churches and of Christianity have been published, many of kingdoms and eras, but not one do we recall that has investigated and arranged political and national events according to the workings of the Providence of God. Not one? We are mistaken. There is a model for this in the only and perfect model for every sort of composition—the Holy Scriptures. That always writes history from the standpoint of Providence. Whether Adamic or Antediluvian, Patriarchal or Israelitish, it has constantly one scope and aim—to illustrate and vindicate the ways of God to man. It is remarkable that this copy has never before been copied. For America is no more the creature of God than Europe. The United States are one of his family, but England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, Germany are others, each for better or worse, advance or resist his coming and kingdom. This idea, therefore, should be credited to this author: "The Great Republic considered from a Christian standpoint." He must have the honor of first applying the scriptural rule to great masses of men in their political and social history. The first invention may not equal its successors, but they can never take away its birthright. So Dr. Peck will be the father of many children, who will adopt and apply his admirable conception to his own and to other themes.

The United States have especial fitness for such a portraiture. Mr. Bancroft makes his history a bodying forth of an idea. He claims to see in this country's biography the birth and growth of democracy. Dr. Peck more properly claims to see the development of Christianity. He traces it in the origin of almost every colony, Huguenot, Quaker, Baptist, Episcopal, Puritan, and the Dutch Church. Every form of Christian faith was planted here at the beginning, as a faith and because it was a faith. Each colony was chiefly a religious emigration. With the exception of New York and Virginia, they were almost exclusively such. This inbred nature has never died out, and to-day America is the most really, intelligently, actively religious nation in the world. Our people take more interest in these questions than any people; and though all nations are largely possessed with this feeling, ours takes the precedence.

To array the facts of our history around the cross is therefore the most philosophical and natural arrangement. Of course a single volume can do but little more than outline this history. Such an outline is this work. Not a bald sketch, but a compact narrative from our colonization to the end of the late rebellion. The whole topic is held well in hand, and its various divisions thoroughly classified. One more versed in historical composition would have perhaps indulged less in religious reflections. The sermon may take too much the place of the narrative. The facts by their position should all point to the cross and be illumined by the face of the Redeemer, while the meditations and discourse should be largely left to the suggestions of the reader. A history is like a painting. One reads the whole religious feeling of the Pilgrims in a picture and needs not Robertson's or Brewster's addresses to intensify the effect. The words are all true and good, but it is better to let the picture tell its own story.

It very properly places Asbury's portrait at the head of the purely religious department. For though other and earlier men did great service for Christ, he has done far more than any one or score of others, in developing this work. Very elegant are the portraits, the best we have seen in any subscription work. It will be found a true and valuable record of national events,

*THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC, Considered from a Christian Standpoint, by Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D.D. With thirty-four Steel Portraits. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 718. New York: Houghton & Wyman.

penetrated with the broadest and most devout spirit of Christian faith, hope and charity.

PRIMITIVE AND MODERN METHODISM.

Nothing is more common than to hear modern Methodism disparaged and decried, as compared with what is styled "old-fashioned Methodism." To hear a certain class of people talk, one would suppose that the church, in these days, was becoming hopelessly superficial in its piety and worldly in its tendencies. That there is not on the part of many, perhaps the majority now that depth of piety, that earnestness, that fervor, that self-sacrificing disposition which has characterized many in the past is acknowledged. But was there not as much discount to be made on the piety of the church as a whole fifty years ago? It is a remarkable fact that those who stand highest on the walls of our Zion are the most hopeful and confident.

At the recent re-union of the New York and the New York East Conferences in the city of New York, Bishop Janes in the course of his remarks spoke as follows:

I express it as my conviction that we have in the ministry at this time, in the fathers, in the brethren, and in the young men, as much wisdom, as much qualification for the work, as much devotion to it, as there was at that period; and I believe there is no backsliding in the churches; either so that the present day is as good as the past, and I look forward to our future with the highest hopes, with the liveliest anticipation.

It is true, Bishop Clark felt he must utter his word of warning, and perhaps it was timely. It was certainly timely in the city of New York, and in the St. Paul's M. E. Church, if anywhere:

If there is one danger in the church imperiling its future—I speak here earnestly, thoughtfully and advisedly—I say, if there is one source of danger imperiling the future efficiency of the church, it is in the decline of spirituality, the loss of the old spirit that inspired the hearts of our members, and blazed forth in the ministrations of our fathers; and I say here-to-day, with the deep and solemn conviction resting upon my heart, that when the Methodist Church loses this spirit she loses the chief element of her power. And is there no danger of this? I am not standing here to sound an alarm, but to awaken thought, to turn soberly and squarely in upon ourselves, and look with clear, scrutinizing eyes upon the condition and prospects of the church. Have not some of us come almost to feel that this going to the little place of prayer, and praying loud and earnest, and having, if you please, as the world would term it, a stormy meeting, the sound of praise, the shout and the voice of thanksgiving—have we not almost come to consider it as bordering upon disorder? Have we not come to look upon it very much as our sister denominations looked upon us thirty, forty, fifty years ago? And do you not recognize, brethren, in that spirit the simple but strong element of the success of Methodism in this country.

Dr. Foster, however, in most eloquent terms vindicated the honor of modern Methodism.

I am clear in the conviction that at no time in the history of our existence as a body (and I believe it is true of yourselves) has there been with us a more intense and blessed faith in the integrity and eternity of Methodism than there is to-day. I believe, moreover, that there has never been a time when there was a more unbroken, a more unswerving, a more deathless loyalty to everything that belongs to our institution. We feel in sympathy with every idea of progress, every thought of improvement, every advancement to increased enlargement and power in every direction that may be born out of the struggling mind of this generation, or that may come up in the generations to come; but underlying all our sympathy with progress and improvement and change is the unswerving and eternal loyalty to Methodism as it has been handed down from the fathers. I believe that we have as much confidence in the future of our church, in its piety, enlarged zeal, efficiency, usefulness, and destiny, to overcome all impediments, and sweep out over the whole land, as was ever felt by any of the sons in any period of her history.

Such representations thus candidly and intelligently made, are calculated to inspire confidence and hope. The knowledge assuredly, that our church as a whole, is not apostatizing, but proving true to her past glorious record, cannot tend to beget slackness or indifference. We offer no apology for the superficiality of much of our modern piety, but we deprecate croaking. We honor the self-denying, self-sacrificing, heroic piety of the fathers and mothers of Methodism. But those best acquainted with the facts, and hence best qualified intelligently to judge, assure us that the average piety of the church of the membership and ministry was no better formally than now. Let us be thankful for all that the church has been, for what she is now, and strive with all our might to make her better—a worthier Bride of her beatific Spouse, that we may the sooner altogether celebrate the marriage supper of the Lamb.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

Less than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the art of chromo-lithography was discovered. It has already reached a perfection so great, that we may safely predict that the day is near at hand when every home, however humble, may be decorated or rather illuminated by copies of the great masters, so faithfully and skillfully done that it needs a close inspection to detect that they are not the original paintings.

We regard this young art as one of the most beneficent ministers of Christian democracy that has ever been brought within the reach of the people. "Hitherto," as has been well remarked, "art has been aristocratic in its associations. None but the wealthy classes could afford to buy fine works of art; but chromo-lithography has changed all that, and brought exquisite paintings within the means of every family. It is do-

ing for art what the printing press did for literature." This is one of the unexpected solutions of a knotty problem that has long puzzled reformers. The business of this age, as Mr. Parton says, is to make every honest man an equal sharer in the substantial blessings of civilization; and one of the means by which this is to be effected is to make the products of civilization cheap. But it seemed impossible to bring works of art within the compass of ordinary incomes; for any artist of merit charges hundreds of dollars for his paintings—even for those that are quite small. Now chromolithography prints the most delicate paintings, tint upon tint, color upon color, here a little shade, there a little hue, until, when the work is done, you cannot tell which is the chromo and which is the original, even when they are framed and put side by side. Poor chromos are readily enough detected; but with such exquisite works of art as Prang's best issues—the "Kid's Playground," for example, or "Tait's Chickens," "Lemmen's Poultry Yard," the "Dead Linnet," and "Dead Bullfinch," the "Flower Bouquet," or the "Cherries, after Granberry," it is almost impossible to distinguish the one from the other. Yet none of these sell for more than \$7.50; while their originals cost hundreds.

Reformers, in despair of bringing art into families, urged the establishment of public galleries. But even the nation has not money enough to make art galleries so numerous as to bring great paintings under the eye of all the people. Democracy demands no less. It would not answer the purpose of democratic reform to have free galleries in the large cities only, because this would merely educate a class, and not the whole. No; to cause a people to love art, and what is more, to understand its beauties, they should have, ever present in their homes, forms of grace adorned with all the charms of color. Now this is what chromo-lithography accomplishes. It makes it possible for every working-man to have an art gallery in his parlor and sitting-room—and this for the money now wasted in cigars or rum, or in useless or unnecessary expenses.

Chromo-lithography has also been applied to reproduce those charming and sometimes gorgeous medieval Scriptural illuminated texts for the decoration of Sunday Schools and day schools, as well as for reward cards and book marks and teacher's gifts to pupils. We recommend our brethren who have not seen these beautiful publications to make it in their way to do so. They can all be supplied through our Book Agencies.

We do not publish this commendation of the new art and of the issues of its most successful devotee, Mr. Prang, either as a business or friendly help; but because we firmly believe that whatever makes home and Sunday School more attractive, renders an enduring service to Christian civilization. Make home beautiful, and you make the bar-room odious. Adorn the walls of your Sabbath School with tasteful illuminations, and you teach the eye as well as the memory of your pupils the benign precepts of the Bible.

BOSTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The fourth and last course of public Lectures for the present year before this institution—that by Rev. Dr. Butler on the Religions of India—was concluded last Monday. The closing lecture was upon Mohammedanism, the youngest of all the great systems of error which share the dominion of the Asiatic mind. It worthily concluded the valuable and instructive series. Our reports, both of these lectures and of Dr. Manning's, have been necessarily meagre, but they have at least enabled our readers to form some idea of the rich treat which the Seminary has afforded its members and friends during this its first year in Boston. The lectures of Bishop Simpson were designed only for the students, and were delivered to a select audience, but those by Drs. Warren, Manning and Butler, have been followed with as much interest by the Christian public as by the students of the Seminary. Not only is Boston Methodist, but also the Boston public to be congratulated on the opening of this new fountain of public instruction in our midst. At some of the lectures scores and even hundreds of hearers of other churches, and of no church, have been in attendance. The names of the lecturers already secured and announced for next year, Bishop Thomson, Vincent, Patten, Gage, Cummings, warrant the confident prophecy that this year's interest will be more than sustained the year to come.

During the past week several of the secular journals of the city have given some account of the history and present state of the Seminary, moved thereto it would appear by the Annual Report lately noticed in THE HERALD. The statements made are given on the authority of said document, and manifest a friendly interest in the more liberal endowment of the institution. Unfortunately they dwell so exclusively upon the financial necessities of the school as to leave a somewhat unfavorable impression on the mind of the reader. Had the writers of those paragraphs carefully compared the Report in question with those of the leading Theological Seminaries of the country, they would have discovered several facts calculated to excite a feeling of complacency, if not of municipal pride. Some of these facts are the following:

First, that the Boston Theological Seminary offers a greater variety of advantages to young men studying for the ministry than any other institution in the land.

Second, that the Boston Theological Seminary was the first

in America to employ as Lecturers extraordinary divines belonging to other churches than its own.

Third, that the same institution was the first to introduce, and is still the only one in America that provides courses of lectures in Latin, French, German and Italian, for the benefit of such students as may be sufficiently advanced in these languages to profit by them.

Fourth, that by the introduction of a course of Lectures introductory to the study of Theology, the arrangement of two regular curriculums, one triennial and the other quadrennial, and the complementary service of lecturers extraordinary, the Seminary is enabled to present a plan of instruction more varied, systematic and comprehensive than has heretofore been proposed by any similar institution in America.

These are facts, every one of them, and Boston may well feel an honest pride in placing them on record. We hope our confederates of the Boston dailies will not fail to do so. Meanwhile, thanks for the kind words already spoken.

DR. BUTLER ON BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM.

The fifth and sixth of Dr. Butler's lectures before the students and friends of our Theological Seminary were devoted to Buddhism and its founder Gautama Buddha. Like the preceding ones on Brahminism, they were full of rare information, adapted to interest the curious, and to inspire the pious. Presented with such vivacity and feeling on the part of the speaker, and illustrated so vividly by the real paraphernalia of the religion, these depictions of the errors, superstitions and miseries of Southern Asia, cannot fail to kindle in the hearts of the young men for whom they were prepared, a holy zeal to share in the labors of those who are preaching in those distant climes the better hopes of Christianity. God grant that many of them may be counted worthy by the great Head of the church to be called to this high employ.

The legendary life of Gautama surpasses in romance anything recounted in the legend books of Rome. It is divided into twelve sections, in each of which he did and suffered most wonderful things. His death in the 80th year of his age, is fixed by the best authorities in the year 543 B. C. He was a very active preacher in the tenth section of his life, and during the forty-five years of its duration, "turned the wheel of the law," (not an infelicitous designation for much Christian preaching!) with such assiduity as to grind out no less than 84,900 sermons. Being an extemporizer, however, these valuable deliverances might have been lost to posterity, had not a grand synod been called together four hundred years after his death (!) to reduce them to writing. Thus arose the Soutas, or first division of the canonical writings of Buddhism. To these two other parts were added, to wit: the Vinaya, or book of discipline, and the Abhidharma, or system of Buddhist metaphysics.

We have not space to follow Dr. Butler in his description of the remarkable system of faith and morals taught in these books. We will notice only a single feature, the Buddhist conception of evil and of salvation. In this fundamental conception, the system is exactly contradictory to Christianity. While our religion regards existence, even under all the evils of our fallen state, as a blessing, Buddhism views it as a curse. Holding to the doctrine of eternal transmigration of soul, there is no natural escape from this curse of mundane being. Hence the highest goal of aspiration is to escape out of this everlasting process of birth and death, and find rest in nirvana, or the state of non-existence. Whilst therefore the Christian yearns for the time when death shall be swallowed up of life, the Buddhist yearns only for a death capable of swallowing up and absolutely terminating life. To the one salvation is entrance into life, to the other departure from conscious being. How bright is futurity to the one, how dark to the other!

Compared with Brahminism, the system is greatly superior. It is less wild and monstrous in its mythology, purer in its teachings and worship, more beneficent in its influence upon men. Its five great commandments are certainly good in their way: "Thou shalt not kill any living being, shalt not steal, shalt not commit adultery, shalt not lie, and shalt not drink intoxicating liquors." The system denounces the Brahmin doctrine of caste, and makes its priesthood accessible to all classes and conditions of men.

Compared with Christianity, however, it is seen to be a religion unworthy of the name. It has no living God, Buddha himself having found the supreme goal of non-existence, the heaven of nirvana. It does its praying by machines attached to water-wheels and wind-mills. Its adherents find no divine power to enable them to keep the five commandments. Existence itself is a burden and a curse. They need the power of God unto salvation. Three hundred millions of our fellow-men worship this mere man, from whom they take their name, notwithstanding the fact, that according to their own faith, he absolutely ceased to be thousands of years ago.

Most impressive was the language with which Dr. B. concluded his sixth lecture, it being nothing less than a prophecy taken from the Buddhist books themselves, that after 5,000 years from the time of Gautama, his religion shall cease to prevail on the earth, that all its scattered relics shall gather together, that they shall receive for the last time acts of veneration and then dissolve away in light. Singular fact! What other religion ever prophesied its own extinction? Not yet have half the five thousand years elapsed, and already the light is breaking in upon its ancient domains, the light in which not only Buddhism, but all the hoary systems of Asiatic superstition shall be dissolved and utterly consumed.

In the report of the third lecture for "450,000,000, read '4,300,000.'"

LAY REPRESENTATION CONVENTION.—The call for a Layman's Convention at Chicago on the 14th inst. is hereby commended to the attention of our readers, and especially to the attention of our lay brethren, who feel an interest in the subject of Lay Delegation, and in its introduction into our conferences. The subject is one upon which every Methodist Episcopal layman should inform himself and make up an intelligent opinion. It is the great church question now before the Methodist Episcopal Church. Let the Convention be held. Let all our brethren who can attend it. Let them discuss the subject and study it.

LETTER FROM EAST TENNESSEE.

Facts Stubborn Things—Responsibility of Rebel Preachers—General Pope's Remark True—Rebel Opposition to the M. E. Church—Hardships of our Preachers—Good Men—Should be Encouraged.

At the close of the war the people of this State desired peace. Both parties were willing to make peace on any reasonable terms. Those who had favored the Southern cause gave it up for lost, and seemed ready to accept the situation. Their neighbors, who had remained loyal, were disposed to forget, as far as possible, the past, to let by-gones be by-gones, and to seek in fraternal harmony the general good of society at home. The old friendships which the events of the war had broken, seemed about to be renewed, as the people began to go to the house of God in company to exchange again the courtesies of life, to renew friendly greetings and interchange family recognitions. This good work had actually commenced and was progressing finely. The prospects of neighborhood peace, social harmony, material and political prosperity began to brighten the lifting and retiring cloud of gloom which had long rested upon the land.

In a little while, however, the scene was changed, and the shadow on the dial went back many degrees. What was the cause, and who were responsible for this unfavorable change? Chiefly, if not wholly, the rebel ministers.

At the approach of the victorious Union soldiers these professed men of God left their parishes, deserted their flocks, to seek more safe and congenial regions farther South. This class of men belonged mostly to the Presbyterian and Southern Methodist Churches, more generally to the latter. The happy changes mentioned above took place in their absence. After His Accidency, the President, began to swing round the circle, and after these abscinding ministers, when well assured of the President's position towards the Southern rebels, began to return one by one, the old spirit of opposition began to revive in neighborhoods to which they returned, and in which they had influence. The fair prospects of peace were soon blasted. The old lines of demarcation were sharply drawn again, and intercommunication between loyal and disloyal families suddenly terminated. They could no longer meet together in the same church and worship around the same altar. Persons of strong rebel or conservative proclivities could not endure church fellowship with those who were still loyal to the old flag and to the old church. Such is the social and ecclesiastical situation of to-day in East Tennessee. Although the writer was not present to witness in person the facts as stated above, he has been assured of them by so many and so great a variety of living witnesses, whose veracity cannot be impeached, that he does not hesitate to put them down as facts which are here regarded as realities, as well as stubborn things.

The country will hold these rebel preachers responsible for this great and unfavorable change with all its unhappy consequences. The impartial historian will so represent them in the future annals of this country. True, the disloyal women were very bitter and very slow to accept the conditions of reconstruction as offered by the Government, and other elements of discontent were no doubt slumbering, only waiting the fanning of a gentle breeze to kindle them again to a flame. Yet over this whole class these rebel preachers had unbounded influence. They could have moulded and led them in the paths of duty had they spoken right words in the name of God suited to the times, and enforced them earnestly by a Christian example inspired by the gospel of peace, all things would not only have remained quiet, but the country would soon have been socially and religiously reconstructed.

It is painful to look at this subject in the light of facts. Many persons not familiar with the condition of things in this part of the country, will be inclined to say, "It cannot be so, it is incredible." Yet it is so, and a residence of a few months here will bring the most incredulous, though reluctantly to believe it. When General Pope said in Atlanta, Ga., last October that "the greatest obstacle to reconstruction in the South was the influence of southern women and the disloyal preachers," I thought it at the time a greatly exaggerated statement, which might have in it an element of truth. I have come to believe it only as a sober, unexaggerated softly stated fact.

One great point of opposition made by the rebel preachers is against the M. E. Church and its ministers in this southern country. They claim a kind of presumptive right to the whole field, and plead in defense of it what they call "The Plan of Separation." The whole ministry of the Methodist Church South join heartily in this opposition. With but very few exceptions they are a unit in this matter. Our ministers in this field have generally a hard time. While they work in the same spirit as at the North, preach the same Gospel to their congregations, they do it amidst hardships and privations, unknown in the older Conferences, and not unfrequently in the midst of great perils. They often hear of threats made by reckless men against their life, and occasionally receive mysterious and threatening letters from the Ku Klux Klan, embellished with pictures of coffins, gallows, and other objects suggestive of violence, sudden death, and the grave. But still these devoted God-fearing and soul-loving men still prosecute their work, ready to meet death in any form if such should be their lot.

The most influential of our ministers are singled out, presiding elders, and those whom the rebels most fear and dread, and against them persecution and all manner of lies and misrepresentations are set afoot. Their periodicals are burdened with misrepresentations. Dr. Pearne, of the Knoxville District, comes in for a large share of this kind of abuse, and I have feared that some of these misrepresentations from rebel papers might find their way into some of our Northern papers, and create among our friends there distrust in reference to the spirit, wisdom and prudence of some of our best, wisest and most effective ministers here in the Southern work. Many of these Christian ministers I know personally to be pious, prudent and useful men of God, who are doing a good work. So far as I know, all are good laboring men, and ought to be sympathized with and encouraged to go on. Reader, shall they not have your sympathy and your prayers?

The General Conference will have a very important and delicate task before it when they come to plan for this work in the South. If rightly cultivated and cared for, this is the most hopeful and promising field within our bounds. A mistake in reference to the policy of our church for the next four years may be disastrous both for the church and the country.

N. E. CONLEIGH.

Athens, Tenn., April 22.

GENERAL CONFERENCE

Opened on the 1st, at Chicago. Two hundred and fifty delegates were present. Bishop Morris presided, assisted by Bishops Scott, Ames, Jones, Clark, Thomson, and Kingsley. Prayer was offered by Peter Cartwright, and the roll called by Rev. Dr. Harris, who was then elected Secretary. The question admitting representatives from the Missouri Conference of the Southern States was then taken up, and discussed during the remainder of the morning hour. Dr. Foster, of New York, proposed to refer the question to a Committee, while Dr. Reed, of Cincinnati, urged their immediate admission. The motion to refer the matter to a Committee finally prevailed by a large majority.

On Saturday, Rev. Dr. Eddy asked the reconsideration of the vote of Friday, by which the colonization cause was referred to the Committee on Freedmen, and the appointment of a special Committee. This motion elicited considerable discussion, in which Drs. Wise, Hunter, Crane and others participated, and which developed a decided opposition to the Colonization Society's objects and methods. The motion was tabled.

A long debate occurred upon a motion to admit delegates from two colored Conferences, Delaware and Washington, finally ending in a postponement of the subject until the report of the Bishops on the organization of the Mission Conferences should be received, as it was claimed that the two Conferences in question came under that head.

A resolution favoring a better organization of the local ministry, with a view to a more regular employment, was referred to a special Committee.

A resolution instructing the Committee on Episcopacy to consider and report on the expediency of forming Episcopal districts, and fixing the residence of the Bishops, was adopted.

GENERAL CONFERENCE REPORTS.—We shall have to yield a large portion of THE HERALD to the reports of General Conference for the next month; consequently some of our usual departments will have to be displaced, and brevity must be the order of the day.

Correction.—In the Report of the New England Conference, West Medway should have had the following credits: New England Education Society, \$3.25; Boston Theological Seminary, \$2.50.

Providence Items.

The Preachers' Meeting met as usual, Monday morning. From the reports of the pastors it appeared that the Fast Day appointed and recommended by our Bishops, was not regarded at all by the preachers or their churches. Only one church in the city observed it. No allusion was made to it anywhere else, as we can learn. Some of the pastors had entirely forgotten it; others had never heard of it. What a commentary upon our loyalty to our chief ministers and their directions. Is religion a glittering generality, an ancient humbug, or is it a practical, divine reality? If the latter, ought we not, all of us, and especially those of us who are ministers, and examples to the flock, to obey those who are over us in the Lord, by remembering and observing all reasonable and scriptural appointments?

The Rhode Island Baptist State Convention held its annual session in Providence, April 28th. Rev. Heman Lincoln, D.D. offered the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas, the third article of the Constitution of the Rhode Island Baptist State Convention provides that "No person shall vote at the meeting of the Convention who is not a member of a regular Baptist Church within the State;" and, whereas, questions have arisen touching the meaning and application of this clause, therefore

Resolved, That in the judgment of this Convention a church inviting to the Lord's table those who have not been baptized in accordance with the Lord's command, (i. e. by dipping, plunging), is not a regular Baptist Church within the meaning of the Constitution.

The resolution passed, and the 2d Baptist Church of Newport was virtually disestablished, and Rev. Mr. Malcolm and his co-delegates protesting, were disfranchised and unseated. For this piece of liberal Christianity, Rev. F. Dennison, of Westerly, who has just been assisting Mr. Hubbard to break down the walls of *Episcopal exclusivism*, apologized, and voted, I judge, from the report. We apprehend Mr. Dennison will not annihilate Bishops Clarke and Potter any more in our daily papers, or make further allusions to the illiberality of the Episcopal Church, or the backward movement of "the hands upon the dial-face of Liberty."

A beautiful and rich-toned bell from the foundry of Jones & Co., Troy, N. Y., has just been hung in the tower of the Chestnut Street M. E. Church. Its weight is 1,500 lbs.; key of F sharp. It gives universal satisfaction. It is a Methodist bell, and we can recommend any society needing a bell to the patronage of Jones & Co.

There are a number of new church enterprises on foot in the city just at present. The Episcopal Church have one, the Universalists another, the Methodists two, and the Second Advent one. I attended an Advent ordination service a few evenings since. It was an occasion of deep interest. The charge to the young minister, and the consecrating prayer, were full of good spirit and wise remark. But what do our Advent brethren mean? The sermon was written and read from beginning to end. The ministers stood up when they prayed. The singing was led by an instrument, anthems and interludes and sentences were executed in the same way as among other churches. Are they backsliding from the good old ways? Their new enterprise is commenced in the western part of the city. Elder J. Litch, one of the early movers in the recent Advent excitement, is pastor.

We are having a real temperance revival amongst us. Rev. S. Reed is working among Sabbath Schools with great energy, and with encouraging results. For the support of agents, and the procuring of tracts and books for general distribution, it is proposed to raise a fund of \$5,000 or more. There is a movement on foot to engage Dr. Manning to deliver his course of lectures upon "Modern Rationalism," in Providence. We hope it may succeed, for there was never greater need of such

clear statements and strong arguments than at this present time.

Dr. Butler is to lecture upon India in the Power Street Church, next fall, for the benefit of the Asbury Mission.

PERSONAL.

Rev. William Morley Punshon arrived in New York on Wednesday, April 23d, by the steamer Scotia, and on the evening of the next day made his first appearance as a preacher at the dedication of the St. John's M. E. Church, Brooklyn. Mr. Punshon comes as President of the Wesleyan Conference of Canada, and as delegate to the General Conference of the United States. A correspondent of *The Methodist* gives the following portrait of the eloquent preacher as he appeared in Brooklyn:—

There he stands, simply a burly Englishman; height, say five feet eight inches; weight, above two hundred pounds, certainly; stout build, inclining to corpulency; chest and shoulders, deep, round and massive, with a look of prodigious muscle there had it been cultivated; an arm like a blacksmith's, ended by a smallish but compact hand. Of neck, there is not much to speak of in length; but the sturdy thickness which gives English John the balance of his nickname. The head belongs with the body; it has a broad, deep foundation. The face is emphatically English. The eyes are probably a light blue, but seem small, deep-set, and can hardly be seen for a tendency in the red cheeks to rise up in a sort of intermittent puffiness behind. Over all is the hair—light brown, dry, thin to semi-baldness in front, long at the sides, and behind, rolling, and not even as well dressed as Beecher's. There's your preacher and orator, given in an "untouched" photograph, severely true, as he stood for the first time before an American audience. Is it prepossessing? Not very; and yet, as your eye runs up and down the figure, and over his strong, yet pleasing head, the presence is impressive. You see, moreover, that the man is entirely at his ease, and betrays at once the well-seasoned veteran.

A great many were disappointed in finding Newman Hall to be a tall, slim, graceful person, in place of the "conventional type" of an Englishman above described. We shall have an opportunity of comparing and contrasting not only the physique, but the style and manner and matter of both these great men for ourselves in Boston, before many weeks. From the further remarks of the writer above quoted, we judge Mr. Punshon to be more rhetorical than his predecessor, who was the soul of simplicity in his pulpit discourses.

His diction is marvelous, short, complete; nervous sentences leap after each other with increasing rapidity as he warms a little in his theme. The rhetorical and logical progression of his theme satisfies the justest rules of art, yet he is neither wholly rhetorical nor wholly logical. Now and then there is a deeply subjective introspection, but objectivity is the characteristic of his thought. He deals in things mentally and morally actual, rather than speculative. The mind of speaker and hearer is directed to the real in Christian experience and work, rather than to the ideal. In fact, we almost wish a little more of the inner man poured forth. There is little of set and amplified illustration. The style is attractive and graphic, but not pictorial. "To be brought to Jesus is equally the want of the man who knows but one language, and hardly that, and of the man who has graduated the stars and unbranded the light;" such sentences, polished, sparkle all along, yet not excessively. Allusions to the classics, short and apt, occur here and there. The preacher has remembered his Homer wonderfully well, and to good purpose; but his favorite exemplifications are scriptural, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual." His gestulation is kept well in hand, rather "close-reefed," but always appropriate and forcible.

Some one has said, "Boston is nothing unless it is critical;" but while this may be partially true, we shall hail the advent of our brother in Christ, not as one coming to please men's fancy, but to save their immortal souls; and as such he will doubtless add many souls to his ministry. God grant him strength for his great work!

Rev. Dr. Stevens has gone to Europe to consult eminent scholars concerning the Saracenic History, and to make other researches. His new labor is one his mind has brooded over for many years. It is a great theme—the rise, progress and fall of Mohammedanism. Its scope includes the Eastern Church, and the reason of its being so generally overrun by the false prophet; the Western Church, and why it was able to withstand this power—the Indian Empire, the Spanish Moorish history, the crusades, and multitudes of mighty men. No history of the entire movement exists in any language. May he be enabled to give this great contribution to Christ and the world.

Charles Pierce, esq., of this city, has given the Metropolitan Church an organ of the value of \$20,000; one of the finest in America. This is the crowning gift of previous benefactions from him to the same enterprise. A golden crown indeed.

Anthony Trollope, the English novelist, arrived here on Wednesday, April 23d. He has attended the Impeachment Trial, and was an earnest listener.

Dr. Chenery's *Gynæpathical Institute at Cambridge*.—Dr. Chenery is an excellent Christian gentleman and a skillful physician, who has devoted much attention to the department which he has made his specialty. He is very pleasantly located, and is worthy of the confidence of those needing his services.

THE GRAND ASSIZE.

Washington, D. C., May 2, 1868.

CLOSE OF THE DEFENSE.

At last we have reached the end of the wearying platitudes of Nelson, the dull law of Stanbery, and the series of attenuated essays and efforts at word-mongering with which Mr. Evarts has afflicted the Senate for eleven mortal hours. It is fair now to make some estimate of the weight and metal brought by counsel into the case.

Take the senior, Mr. Stanbery. It is certain that he has brought little more than the weight of an estimable personal and legal character into the case, the value of which was marred by a too evident partiality, which prevented him keeping his temper. Later, his total absence from the case was no disadvantage. He made his appearance yesterday, and began to read the speech he had prepared. It consumed about three hours to-day, and was in part read by his son. There was nothing novel in its presentation of the President's case, nor striking in its style, and it will not add greatly to the ex-Attorney General's reputation. It had the merit of dignity, and of being entirely free from the personal sarcasms or glorification which distinguished Evarts' and Nelson's speeches.

Nelson—the conundrum man, as he is irreverently called—

has succeeded in again illustrating East Tennessee character, and showing how utterly provincial and rustic is the intellect which the South fosters. He now propounded and answered his own puzzle of "Who is Andrew Johnson?" but he aroused and attracted attention to another query, of "How about Alta Vela?"

When Nelson rose to speak in the early part of the case, there was an air of simple and frank candor about him which attracted at once. He however soon dissipated this favorable feeling. He was seen to be a feeble and very garrulous imitator of Andrew Johnson, with a considerable spice of cunning malice. Johnson evidently brought his neighbor to do the glorification of himself, and he did it well. He deemed it advantageous to have his own history recited, and to claim respect for not having inaugurated civil war, being too blind to perceive that it was an atrocious crime to ever have conceived the possibility of doing such a thing.

Mr. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, has carried off all the laurels worth having on the President's side. He was a fortunate man in many respects, and from the outset of his argument won the sympathy of Senators by the evident difficulty with which he spoke; a sympathy that strengthened into respect as he proceeded. Groesbeck is a man of tall and slender frame, well formed, and rather elegant appearance. He has a long head and striking face, and often while he was speaking I was reminded of Wendell Phillips.

LEGAL ETHICS AND POLITICAL HONESTY.

Perhaps I may be prejudiced by my strong feeling against the side on which he argued, but if ever a man dug the grave of his own political reputation, without open apostasy, that man is William M. Evarts.

Mr. Evarts brought a great legal reputation into the case, and a fair political record also. Of the latter he has none left, and of the former but little. The question arises, in view of the exhibition he has made of how completely an advocate can seek to make "the worse appear the better reason," of what and where the obligation of a lawyer, as such, ends, and where the rule of simple honesty and consistency begins. In this case Mr. Evarts is on record by words deliberately spoken in the presence of thousands, and upon the 16th of last October, at the Cooper Institute, New York, in favor of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, sustaining Congress, and as declaring the liberties of the country imperilled by the Presidential policy. Yet he accepts a fee, comes to Washington, and before the Senate defends the man whose speeches he declared in New York were but the "echoes of the voices of the Rebellion." He does not do this with the impartiality of Conservative Curtis, or the candor and fairness of Democratic Groesbeck. Not at all. During the interludic discussions he was often tart, even acrid in allusions. But the very lengthy and splendid piece of dialectics with which he consumed over three days, was marked even more than Nelson's by the spirit of depreciation of the cause of impeachment and a systematic attempt to personally degrade the managers in the eyes of the Senate. Take it all through, Mr. Evarts might better be attributed to an able Copperhead lawyer, than to a lawyer of Republican proclivities who claims that only a sense of professional duty constrained him to appear at all.

There really is a very small modicum of legal argumentation in this eleven hours' oration, and even that is of a special pleading character. The major portion of the time was occupied by adroit attempts to enlarge the magnitude of impeachment itself and to belittle the acts done, and for which Andrew Johnson is presented to the Senate. He attempted to cover up under a cloud of words, the long series of atrocious acts which point and illustrate the animus of those charged. He made one or two crafty special pleas; one being when he argued that the result of the present impeachment, would, if conviction, be to change the form and balance of the government, in that the office would be temporarily filled by a member of the body convicting. He said it would make a President by the States as such, (the Senate), instead of by the people, as now. It was in the personal attacks made by Evarts, that animus has been clearly shown. His allusions to Butler and Fort Fisher, his reference to Mr. Williams, his lugging in of the quarrelling debate between Butler and Bingham, and more than all, his unnecessary reference to the bill which passed, taking away the power of appeal in certain cases from the Supreme Court, as "hamstringing" the Court,—are all regarded as ungenerous and unwarranted. They raised a laugh, and helped his chief purpose—that of belittling and degrading the case. I come back to my question. Has a lawyer, who as a patriot and politician, has held that a certain course of action would imperil the peace of the country,—a right morally, even from the standpoint of professional ethics—to sell his intellect to defend the man and policy by which that disturbance to the public peace is threatened? Mr. Evarts has done this, and done it strongly, and he is on record as believing what I suggest. As Judge Bingham is in possession of the October speech, we shall see Mr. Evarts get more than "a Roland for his Oliver."

KOSMOS.

Gold on Monday, 139 1-2.

The monotony of the Great Trial was disturbed a few days since by a serious altercation between Judge Nelson, counsel for the President, and Mr. Manager Butler. The Judge making some insinuations in reference to the Alta Vela Island case, reflecting on the honor of Mr. Butler, the latter deemed it his duty to contradict the charges, whereupon Mr. Nelson became so incensed as to speak to Mr. Butler in a manner that seemed to need the services of a Sir Lucius O'Trigger. On the 29th, Mr. Sumner offered a resolution censuring Mr. Nelson for certain words used. This occasioned quite a disturbance in the Court, which the Chief Justice had considerable difficulty in allaying.

The Irish Church question is the principal subject of interest in English politics. The Ministry have been again defeated, on Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, the first resolve being adopted by a majority of 63. This resolve, it will be remembered, declares it to be the opinion of the House that the Established Church of Ireland should cease to exist as an establishment. It was rumored on the 3d that Disraeli had sent in his resignation, but that it would not be accepted by the Crown.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

Nestorians.—The work of God is advancing among the Nestorians. The *Missionary Herald* contains the following information respecting this people:

Mr. Shedd writes, (November 16,) that on the western side of the mountains, the light of truth seems to have opened the eyes of the people to Papal errors; and the results of "a raid upon the Nestorians, by the Chaldean Patriarch, and French monks," have been "very meagre." "Mar Shimoun has ceased his persecutions, and there is some prospect of more quietude." The two mission seminaries open for the winter, with 36 pupils in the male and 32 in the female school. Of the last, "a considerable number" are "new and promising pupils." Priest Yacob, who has labored for some years as a colporteur in Russia, chiefly among the Malakans, has been ordained. Mr. Shedd says: "He desired ordination that he might be able to administer the ordinances to the converts he has been the means of gathering among the hopeful Russian sect. He is a man whom we delight to have among us,—so full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Four other persons were also ordained, in connection with meetings of "district Conferences of preachers and delegates," in the divisions of the Oromish field. "One was ordained an Elder, or Priest, and four as Deacons." "The ordaining prayers and laying on of hands were by Mar Yohannan."

A letter from Mr. Cochran, just returned to this mission, presents a gratifying account of the annual gathering of native helpers: the reports presented from Tabreez and from Shirwan in Russia especially; and "the cream of the meeting," found in "the devotional exercises."

French Protestant Missions.—The French Protestants, though comparatively few and poor, are engaged in the work of foreign missions. They have long had a mission in South Africa.

This has been a child of faith and love, concerning which the late Dr. Baird said, more than twenty years ago, that it was of inestimable value, because of its influence on its originators and supporters. The mission to the Basutos proved in the end, after many difficulties had been overcome, one of the most successful in Southern Africa. The recent assault upon it by the independent Dutch Boers, which has nearly destroyed it for the time, has been a sore trial to the faith of its supporters, but though now buried in deep waters, it is believed that the fruit of such persevering and self-denying toil will not be allowed to perish. Another mission on the West Coast in Senegal has also been much afflicted by the death of promising men belonging to it. They also have many trials in the good work which they are striving to prosecute in the more remote fields of the South Pacific. But by this severe discipline their faith and zeal are not only tested but made stronger. We rejoice in these proofs that the heroic spirit of the Huguenots lives in the hearts of their descendants. May such efforts for the salvation of the heathen world be blessed not only abroad, but at home, to the regeneration of their own great but sadly irreligious country.

China.—This at present, is the great field of missionary labor. The whole country is ready to receive the gospel. The mission under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church is enlarging its borders, and has taken in the city of Kluksiang, where the prospect for success is most cheering. The following item from the Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, will give the reader a view of the progress of the work there:

It is a significant indication both of our early difficulties and of our increasing power as a mission, that whereas it required ten years (1847-57) for us to bring in our first convert, and the six following years to increase the number to one hundred, thus requiring sixteen years for our first hundred converts, we were able during the next three years to add another hundred to our list of church members, and now, during the past year, it has been our blessed privilege to add one hundred and thirty-nine members to our little flock.

Germany.—A letter from Dr. Jacoby, just received at the Mission Rooms, says:

To-morrow I shall lay the corner-stone of our new Martin Mission Institute building in the name of Brother Martin, as he cannot be here to do it himself. If the weather shall prove favorable during the spring and summer, I have no doubt but that it will be ready for dedication in October next, and will be occupied next autumn and winter.

This Institute will greatly aid the cause of missions in that country. It is indeed a necessity for training young men for the missionary work. Dr. Jacoby further writes:

The work of the Lord continues to prosper. We have commenced a new mission about twenty-five miles from Berlin; souls have been converted, and a society formed. In future we shall labor more in Prussia, as public events have been favorable to the extension and permanency of our work.

South America.—Cheering intelligence comes from this field of missionary toil. The Methodist mission has been a great success there. The Annual Report, above referred to, gives the following information respecting it:

There are eight men, four churches, six day schools, four Sunday Schools; the work spreading through four provinces, and the gospel preached in four different languages.

Give the World Christianity.—The world needs it—it should have it—it must have it—it may have it—The church is abundantly able to do it—it has the means—the appliances. All she wants is the will. Will she do it?—that is the question. Can she do less? This is her work—her mission—she has an existence for this purpose. When she ceases to do this work, will she be the true church of Christ, possessing the spirit, and executing the command of its great Head? The world is perishing—it is asking for the bread of life—sending up its cry for help at every point—the church has the ability to supply the want, and she is commanded to do it—will she refuse? O for a pentecost baptism to come upon her! Under the influence of this baptism, she can give Christianity to the world during the present century.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

Protestant Episcopal Church.

A Ritualistic Funeral at Newburgh.—Last Saturday the funeral of Rev. Dr. Lundy (whose sudden death has already been noticed in your columns) took place at St. Paul's Church, a very large congregation attending. The services were conducted after the most advanced ritualistic precedents, and included some features quite novel in this country at least. The body lay in state at the residence of the deceased during the morning, a youth arrayed in a white surplice standing at the head of the coffin. On the bust of the corpse lay a small Prayer Book and a profusion of flowers.

Services took place at the church at half-past eleven o'clock, ten clergymen officiating, among them Rev. Mr. Walsh, of Newburgh, Rev. Mr. Wells, of West Point, and Rev. Mr. Hoffman. As the clergy entered the chancel, and when the coffin covered with a purple pall had been placed at the head of the middle aisle, the funeral chant, "Lord, let me know mine end," was admirably sung by a band of choiristers belonging to the choir of St. George's Church, New York. After the lesson the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee" (which, though written by a Unitarian author, was yet considered worthy a place in this High Church ceremonial), was sung by the choir and congregation, a number of the best singers of Newburgh taking part. The communion was then administered, the participants being, first the clergy, then the family and near relatives of the deceased, and then the members of the "Guild of the Holy Cross," a number of whom had come from New York, and occupied the front pews, wearing the appropriate badge of their order. During the service the verses and the "sanctus" were sung with beautiful effect.

A procession was then formed, and as the coffin was borne out of the church, the chorists sang the hymn "Abide with me." At the cemetery, the concluding portion of the burial service was read, the Newburgh singers singing the hymns "Jerusalem the Golden," and "O! Paradise," as well as the burial anthem, "I heard a voice."—*N. Y. Evening Post*, April 15.

The eighth annual report of the Episcopal Church Missionary Society shows the receipts of the last year to have been \$82,334, and the expenditures \$75,544. Sixty missionaries were employed, most of them in the West and South.

Congregationalist Church.

A Chime of Bells.—The chime of bells recently given to the First Parish Church at Charlestown by Miss Charlotte Harris was dedicated on Wednesday, the 15th ult. There are sixteen bells weighing 14,864 pounds, and completed at a total cost of \$8,000, which was the sum given. The exercise opened with an organ sonata from Mendelssohn, and an able address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Miles, pastor of the church.

Philadelphia.—Rev. Mr. Earle has continued preaching every day and evening at the First and Tabernacle churches until now, and the meetings have been attended by crowds of deeply serious persons.

The First Congregational Church of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, has been enjoying a rich revival. At no time since 1854 has it known such an awakening. Professors have been quickened and sinners converted. Sixteen persons joined upon confession at the last communion, (3th inst.) The pastor, Rev. E. V. H. Danner, has labored with untiring earnestness and energy, holding meetings every evening for several weeks. Forty have joined the church within the past eighteen months.

The Park Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, L. I., which is an off-shoot or division from the Fifth Avenue Church, has lately received the donation of six lots of land, (each 20 ft. by 100, on 4th Avenue near 81 St. on two of which a brown stone front chapel is to be erected at a future day.)

The Fifth Avenue Church in the same city is growing rapidly, and has almost completed arrangements for the erection of a church and lecture-room on six lots on 9th St., near 9th Avenue.

A Congregational Church was organized in Fitchburg on the 16th inst., under the name of "The Rollstone Congregational Church." One hundred and fifty persons, chiefly from the other churches of the like faith and order in the town, constitute the new church.—*Congregationalist*.

Some young men of Hartford (and it is a custom which is not at all peculiar to that city) have been in the habit of going to one of the Episcopal churches to hear the fine music and leaving before the sermon. The custom had become so annoying by its disturbance of the worship, that a notice was posted on the doors on a recent Sabbath, stating that they would be locked until the close of the service. In the haste of the young men to get good seats they did not wait to read the notice, but rushed in, and when they attempted to rush out during the service they were caught. The doors were fast and they were compelled, though unwillingly, to listen to a sermon. It is to be hoped that it did them good. This may serve as a hint to other churches.—*Observer*.

Presbyterian Church.

The Faculty of the Theological Seminary at Princeton sends to each Presbytery a list of the students under its care, with the record of absences from the stated exercises of the Seminary during the year. The Presbytery then is able to call candidates to account for these neglects of duty. The plan is excellent, and would be well followed by all seminaries of divinity instruction in the church. We naturally look for some careless inattention to duties by students in college, but young men who have entered upon a course of education for the Christian ministry are supposed to have a higher sense of obligation, and to be more conscientious in the use of their time and privileges. But the churches would be surprised to learn, and it would not be for edification to state, how many students of theology exercise no "special conscience" on this subject, going and coming at their pleasure, forgetful of the duty they owe to God and the Church, to make the most of every opportunity to acquire knowledge and fitness for the high calling before them.—*Observer*.

Revival in Staunton, Va.—We learn, from private correspondence, that since the communion in February, at which time an increased religious interest was manifested in the church, forty-one in all have been added to its communion. Some of these were pupils from the Blind Institution; and there is an interesting class from these pupils in connection with the Sabbath School. The blind have also commenced a prayer meeting among themselves. Though by God's providence they are deprived of the light of day, the same gracious Providence inclines their hearts to seek for the light of life. "I will bring the blind by a way they knew not, I will make darkness light before them."—*Central Presbyterian*.

Rev. T. L. Cuyler, pastor of Lafayette Avenue Church, Brooklyn, said in a recent anniversary sermon: "Eight years ago our membership was a little over one hundred; it is now one thousand one hundred and thirty-two communicants. We have received one hundred and eighty-five this year, of whom forty-one were on profession of faith."

INTOLERANCE OF THE GREEK CHURCH.—The venerable American Missionary, Dr. Jonas King, has been again summoned before a court of justice at Athens, on the accusation of the Metropolitan Bishop of that city and three other bishops. The charge is that of having reviled the Christian religion, blasphemed the Virgin, denounced Transubstantiation, and having condemned other doctrines of the Greek Church. Dr. King, who only returned to Athens within the last few weeks, and found this accusation awaiting him, writes: "This is, I believe, the sixth time that I have been cited to appear before the courts of justice here to answer to nearly the same accusations. The present is essentially the same as that brought against me in 1851, and for which I was tried in 1852, and condemned to imprisonment and exile."

THE PALESTINE EXPLORATIONS.—We are sorry to hear from Jerusalem that the new Pacha has interfered with the important work of excavation conducted by the Exploration Committee. We cannot pretend to be surprised at this interruption, though we sincerely trust it will be only for a brief

space. If a party of Turkish engineers were to commence digging about the foundations of Westminster Abbey, we fancy they would lay themselves open to many objections. The Haram, around which we are digging and searching, is a Mohammedan holy place, second only to the enclosure of Mecca in sanctity. It is also a fortress, and military men are proverbially jealous about foreign encroachments on their works of defense.—*Athenaeum*.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if the Bible is allowed by the government to be circulated in Spain. It is not. It is strictly prohibited. In Madrid, when we were there in February, 1867, a large quantity of Bibles sent there from England were under government protection while they were waiting the order for their return whence they came. No one may propagate any other religion than that of Romanism, and the Bible is the worst enemy that Romanism has.—*New York Observer*.

GOOD FOR LONG ISLAND.—The Ambassador (Universalist) says: "Neither Unitarianism or Universalism thrives on Long Island. East of Brooklyn, there is not a society of either denomination, except that in Huntington. And here the society is small."

A NUMBER of Greek Christians at Caiffa having recently declared themselves Protestants, the Committee of the London Church Missionary Society have sanctioned the appointment of a Catechist to instruct them, and another missionary has been stationed at Nazareth, where a new and substantial church has recently been erected.

We learn from the "Jerusalem Almanac for 1868" that the population of the city amounts to 18,000; of whom 9,000 are Jews, 5,000 Mohammedans, and 4,000 Christians. The Mohammedans have eleven mosques. The Mukameh, or principal Court of Justice, is composed of four Turks, one Latin Christian, one Greek Christian, and one Jew, the kadi and mufti being members *ex officio*. The Latins have four convents for men and four for women; the Greeks eleven for men and four for women. There are about three hundred children in the different Protestant schools. In 1866-67 there were sixty-five days on which rain fell, and the total rain-fall was 26.737 inches. The Rev. E. B. Frankel writes that, on the evening of December 31st, more than forty men, all Jewish proselytes, met for devotional exercises at his house. For two hours one after another poured out his soul before God in confession of sin, in praise, and supplication for blessings in the coming year.

Americanism in Italy.

The following extract from a letter from Rev. H. V. Degen to Rev. Mosely Dwight, contains matters of interest in respect to Italian affairs, religious and other. We differ slightly with our brother as to the opposition of Italy to American church organizations. No doubt there is a national feeling that they must have their own church. But he shows well that the Waldensians cannot satisfy this feeling. We believe the Methodist and other American churches would soon win the love and enthusiasm of Italy, and give this large amount of diffuse and unregimented Christian activity nuclei and fitting growth.

I have now been in Italy, the land of my birth, nearly six months, and I confess my sympathies are awakened for this country as I never supposed they could be. No land, in my judgment, has a stronger claim on the church than this. It is struggling for and rapidly merging into light. A noble band of patriots, of whom Garibaldi is a fine representative, ever laboring for its redemption. America is their model and beau ideal. They are growing so numerous that they have a controlling influence on even the Ministry of the country—a most interesting evidence of which we have in the fact that when Ricasoli was Prime Minister he called on Mr. Marsh, our Minister, and questioned him closely in regard to our public school system, our liberty of speech and conscience, our commerce and manufactures, and all things relating to our national institutions. Many, nay, most of these men, though not regenerate, profess to be animated by gospel principles and make those principles a part of their articles of association. They are in this priest-ridden, almost God-forsaken land, the light in a dark place. The people are anxious for knowledge, notwithstanding the priests use their influence to prevent it; but a system which, like Papacy, has had the exclusive control for centuries, cannot be overthrown in a day. Missionary labor in this country must be conducted on a very different principle from what it is in other countries. The Italians have been so long under the domination of foreigners, that they are exceedingly jealous of foreign influence. They are willing to hear the gospel from any one (though they prefer their own countrymen) but when anything is said about organizing a denominational church they look upon the enterprise with suspicion. The Waldensian Church which has a few congregations here and there is looked upon with disfavor by the Italians in general for this very reason. Their chief synodical assemblies are held in their own valleys, and the Italians look upon them as endeavoring to fasten on them another foreign yoke. The true way is to establish schools where young converted men of intelligence may be fitted for the work of the ministry and send them out as Italians to preach the gospel and organize churches among the Italians. They will naturally look to their teachers for counsel in organizing, and of course indirectly those teachers could and would influence their operations; but as one of them told me the other day, it is the gospel, not sectarianism that we want. A noble American in Paris by the name of Thompson, seeing the wants of the country, pledged 10,000 francs a year toward this work of preparing young men. Unfortunately he has lately met with reverses which will necessitate his withdrawing his subscription, but it will probably be continued under the patronage of the American and Foreign Christian Union, of which the Rev. Mr. Clark, our consular agent here is the worthy representative. Besides the 10,000 francs he has solicited funds from private sources, and the school has been kept in a healthy state. I have been to several times with Prof. Garte, who is my teacher in Italian, and I have become exceedingly interested in it. There are several young men of decided promise in it, and they all evince an eagerness to learn really refreshing to see. Prof. Garte is their teacher in logic and philosophy. Their replies when I have been, present exhibited decided intelligence. Mr. Clark tells me that they are constantly having applications which they are obliged to turn away for want of funds. Any number of promising and truly converted young men might be found, glad to avail themselves of the school with the view of entering the field as evangelical laborers. No class of men are regarded with more favor here than Americans, and it seems to me that no class of missionaries could be more successful. The Waldensians are French, and just now that nation is in terribly bad odor with the Italians.

PEEPS AT NATURE AND ART.

DIAMONDS.

The works of God are infinite in their variety, and are wonderful exhibitions of skill, wisdom and power. The diamond has long been celebrated as one of the most beautiful and valuable of all the precious stones. Its name expresses one of its marked peculiarities. It comes from the same Greek word as adamant, meaning something untamable, hard. The name, then, in its origin denotes its hardness or indestructibility. There is no other mineral substance which it will not scratch. Besides this it is the most brilliant stone known; especially is this true of diamonds of the first water. The brilliancy and durability of the diamond, together with its scarcity, make it valuable as an article of ornament. Diamonds are not all of the same color, as might at first be supposed. Those of the first water are perfectly clear and colorless, just like a drop of the purest dew that ever hung upon the tip of some young leaf. Others are a delicate rose color; others of a beautiful green tint; still others are yellowish, or brown, or bluish, and some are a clear black.

Diamonds were first known in Asia, and indeed it was only the first of the last century that they had been discovered in any other part of the world. Formerly they were mostly found in Bengal, Borneo and Golconda, but they have since been found in Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, in Brazil in great quantities, and in Siberia. It is said that a slave in Brazil, working in the bed of a stream, seeking for diamonds, struck a mass of silicious matter held together by the oxide of iron, and breaking it open, found a collection of diamonds worth a million and a half of dollars. Similar good fortune is rare; it is usually a severe and toilsome process to secure these gems. They are usually found in connection with deposits of gold.

In Golconda they are found in black, boggy earth by the natives, who discover them in the mud with their feet. In Brazil they are found in the sand and gravel taken from the beds of small rivers and streams in the dry season. The water is diverted from its natural course, when the material in which the diamonds are usually found is removed to sheds prepared for the purpose, where it is carefully washed and examined.

There are a few diamonds which by their size or history, or both, are famous world-wide. All have heard of the Koh-i-noor, or mountain of light. It now belongs to the Queen of England, who received it the 3d of July, 1850, from the East India Company, who had acquired it by treaty the year before. Its history dates as far back as the Christian Era, and it has been the cherished gem of many powerful dynasties. A tradition is connected with it that the dynasty from whose possession it passes is doomed to destruction. Then there are still others which take rank with the Koh-i-noor. There is the Orloff diamond, worth at least \$500,000, once the eye of an idol at Pondicherry, and stolen from the temple by a Frenchman, and brought to Europe. The King of Portugal has one of fabulous proportions, weighing 1,680 grains, and if it be as good as it is estimated, worth \$28,000,000.

But it is well known that diamonds have other uses than merely as ornaments. Every one is familiar with the manner in which glaziers cut the hard and brittle window glass. A little diamond, firmly set in its socket, and lightly drawn across the surface of the glass, almost instantly does the work which otherwise would be nearly if not quite impossible to accomplish. Diamonds pulverized to an almost impalpable powder in a hardened steel mortar produce a material for grinding and polishing other precious stones unequalled in excellence. Again, the fine splinters of broken diamonds are fashioned into little drills, which alone can penetrate rubies and other stones, which are employed in the best watches as bearings to diminish the friction of the running parts.

The most wonderful thing about diamonds, after all, seems to be the fact that they are composed of precisely the same substance as common charcoal. By what process pure carbon has been transmuted into the brilliant diamond is one of the secrets of the great laboratory of nature. It is another display of the power and wisdom of Almighty God. Perhaps it has been produced from vegetable substance by the application of great pressure and heat; perhaps it is only a specimen of what under certain circumstances all our vast deposits of mineral coal might have been; perhaps it is the resultant of an unknown crystallization of carbon in a gaseous state.

Most of those who read this brief sketch will never own one of these beautiful gems. They are for the wealthy, and for kings and princes; they are the baubles of this fleeting world; but however poor, it is the privilege of every one to aspire to a crown decked with many jewels, which shall shine as the stars, or as the sun in the heavens, forever and forever. Telling here, if need be, as the slave in the mine, the hour will come when, called to our reward, the King of kings will place upon our radiant brows a crown that fadeeth not away.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

WORK FOR THE SEASON.

The season is unusually backward, and the work of the farm has been much delayed by the bad weather. When good weather comes everything will have to be done in a hurry; not much will be gained by sowing seeds or planting until the ground gets warmer than it is now. It is fully time to have the early peas in the ground, if nothing more. Sward land that is to be planted this year should now be turned over. The more nicely this work is done the better, for there will be less grass to hoe up during the season. Potatoes do well on newly broken up land. So do cabbages. Where you have plenty of manure, spread it on the old land and plough it in. Especially is this necessary for root crops; strawberries, and in fact almost any crop will be improved by plenty of manure. Where manure was spread on grass land last fall be sure and go over

the land, breaking up and scattering all the lumps, picking up any stones that may have been scattered in the manure, so as to have a good even surface, free from all obstructions for the scythe or mowing machine. If the walls and fences have not already been put up, perhaps it is high time they were, for you will soon want to turn your cattle out to pasture. Set out strawberry plants as soon as convenient. All deciduous trees should be set out by the first week in May. Evergreens will do well to set later. It will soon answer to sow oats, as the weather must soon be good; have everything in readiness to take advantage of it so as to push on the spring work, for if you expect to reap you must sow.

Hedges. All hedges that were not clipped or sheared in the fall, should be in the spring before they start. We consider the spring as altogether the best time to trim evergreen hedges, especially the hemlock. Some trim twice a year, in the spring, and again immediately after the hedge has made its growth. One of the great secrets in getting a good hedge, is to prune closely and often, especially until it has thickened up well at the bottom.

Onions. This vegetable has sold at very high prices the past season in our markets. We know not why it should be so, when this crop can be so easily grown and made to yield so bountifully if the maggot only lets them alone. Before this nuisance was known, five or six hundred bushels of onions to the acre was not considered a remarkable crop. Old, mellow, rich land is best for this crop. Onions seem to be an exception to the ordinary rule, and seem to do better on the same land year after year. Manure heavily with well rotted manure. Ashes is also good for this crop. Sow as early as the ground is in condition, using plenty of seed so as to allow some plants for the maggot. It is easier to thin them out than to put them in later in the season.

Early or Late Planting of Corn? I believe that by early planting, say from the 4th to the 10th of May, the farmer is more certain of a good yield. I will admit that late planting will sometimes bring as good a crop as that which was planted earlier, but to do so it requires a very favorable season. I have known a good crop raised from seed planted as late as the 5th of June, but the season was very favorable, and the corn received no "back-sets" and had nothing to do but grow. It seems that after the plant has reached a certain stage, it is not materially injured by dry weather. All practical farmers know that if the ears are not well filled in August there will not be a large crop; after this the corn will harden, but will not increase in quantity or size.

Although as a general thing early planting is the best, yet on wet soils there will be little or nothing gained by it. It has always been my plan to plant early, and drop an extra grain in each hill. The number of grains required must depend on the care taken in the selection of the seed. I drop four in a hill, and never have occasion to replant. This I attribute to the care taken in the selection of seed. This is an item which some, even of our best farmers, are too careless about.

The plan which I pursue is as follows: While cutting the corn, all the best and largest ears are left standing, that they may get fully ripe; I always choose twice as much as I expect to use; when the corn is gathered the seed ears are husked and placed on the slats over the kitchen, where they remain until spring. Just before planting time they are sorted over, and those having the smallest cobs in proportion to the length or depth of the grain, are selected for seed. The next operation is to shell three inches from the point and one inch from the but, and use the remainder for seed.

This may seem to some to be too much trouble, but rest assured that "it will pay," and that well.

Another great mistake is, to have too many stalks in a hill. On strong ground three and four stalks will produce more corn than five.

I have proved by actual experiment that the corn raised from seed taken from the middle of the ear will ripen from two to three weeks sooner than that taken from either end!

Planting Trees. A great revolution has occurred in selecting fruit trees for planting. Bushy plants are now sought for. The shade which the side branches make is considered beneficial to the tree. As to the beneficial effects of continual digging about trees, which we oppose, all cultivators are not unanimous; but most of them now abandon it after some years: the difference of opinion being how many years after planting shall this style of cultivating continue? With very low branched trees there is this advantage, that the plough or the spade cannot approach very near the trunk. Rich soil is however essential to good growth and good crops. This is the essence of good cultivation.

In preparing for planting trees, the soil should be stirred at least two feet in depth. Of course the trees should be planted in the holes only so deep as they stood in the ground before, rather higher if anything, as the soil will settle. Good common soil may be filled in the holes if the natural soil is very bad; if anything applied as manure may be stirred in the surface-soil after the trees are planted. Some object to making deep holes for planting trees, as if the soil is stiff they become wells collecting water from surrounding soil, and rotting the roots. It is best to underdrain such soils before planting. If this cannot be done, it is best to plant such ground in the spring. The water objection is a fatal one for all planting in such ground.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

Setting Out the Raspberry. Raspberry canes can be set out at any time. They should be planted three feet apart in the row and the rows three feet and a half apart. Cut down the canes to within six inches of the ground, and set firmly in the ground. We prefer a rather moist spot for them, and if in the shade a portion of the day, so much the better. They can be planted under fruit trees where scarcely anything else will grow, and the berry will be larger and finer. They like a cool, moist soil, kept so by liberal mulching with leaves, light manure, or any trash, and if a foot in depth it is an advantage.

Not a day should be lost in pruning the canes in the old beds, and don't be afraid you will lessen the crop by liberal cutting.

Prevention of Garget. I never have any trouble from caked bag, no matter how fat the cow may be at the time of calving. I keep the best cows that I can get, and find it the most profitable for my purpose to have them calve only once in eighteen months. I feed moderately on grain—generally oats and corn mixed, with the addition of roots during the winter—so that my cows, though they may milk down thin during the first six or eight months, will make up again in flesh before I dry them off. I never let them go dry less than two months; three is better if it occurs in summer, and I always take away the grain as soon as they are dry, and sometimes before if they are too much inclined to milk. For two or three weeks before calving I keep them on a spare but laxative diet—if in winter early cut hay or corn fodder and hay, few roots, but no straw. After calving give one pound of Epsom salts, and a few hours after, a warm bran mash—scalding the bran with boiling water—commencing to feed a little hay in twelve hours from calving and gradually increasing to full feed after two or three days. Since I have adopted this course I have had no trouble with the bag but what would readily yield to a few applications of hot water followed by dry rubbing.—*Cor. Stock Jour.*

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

HENRY LEONARD was born in London, 1786. Born again in Nottingham, England, 1824. He with his family moved to America about 1848, residing nearly all the time in Chatham, Mass., where he died Feb. 23, 1868, aged nearly 82 years. His end was triumphant and glorious. He was a Christian every day, and his conversation was ever about heaven and heavenly things. Consequently he was always cheerful and happy. He was powerfully awakened by the Holy Spirit of God while in his daily occupation. God said to him "My Spirit shall not always strive with man;" and this conviction was deepened by reading the 47th Hymn in our Church Collection of Hymns. He became speechless, and unable to move for sometime, and was filled with dismay and horror in view of his lost condition. After sometime had elapsed he reached his house, shut himself up in his closet, fell upon his knees and wrestled mightily with God in prayer until the Saviour appeared to pardon his sins and fill his soul with "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," and from that hour he never faltered in the Christian course until summoned to rest and his home in heaven. He was punctual in his secret and family devotions. He strictly observed the holy Sabbath, and diligently searched the Scriptures, with a punctual attendance upon all the ordinances of God's house; and this was the secret of his holy life and triumphant death. He seemed to have but one battle with Satan during his sickness of several weeks, when the adversary said, "You think you are a child of God who is very good and merciful; now if you are his child, how is it he allows you to suffer so terribly at this time?" He was staggered for a moment, and casting about for an answer, immediately shouted at the top of his voice, "I've got the shield." Faith in Jesus answered the question and dispersed the enemy, no more to molest him. In answering the question, "How do you do, Father Leonard, this morning?" he would reply, "all packed up, waiting for my Saviour to call me home." He was a kind husband for more than sixty years, an affectionate and Christian father, an obliging neighbor, a true patriot in his adopted country, and a consistent living member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. W. F. FARRINGTON.
Chatham, April 1868.

GEORGE H. HAYES died in Livermore, Me., Feb. 10, aged 78 years. For about fifty years he was a member of the M. E. Church in this place. He loved the means of grace, and as long as health permitted he availed himself of them. His sufferings were severe and protracted, but amid them all he could testify to the sufficiency of the Christian religion. His end was peace. We sincerely sympathize with the widow, and invoke for her the rich blessings of Heaven. Livermore, Me., April 2. FRANCIS GROVENOR.

EZEKIEL BANGS died in Buxton, Me., Feb. 1, 1868, aged 71 years, 9 months, 19 days. Bro. Bangs has been a member of the M. E. Church more than twenty-five years. He was one of our most quiet citizens, and a kind father. So quietly has he passed life's journey that he had no enemies, but a large circle of friends and relatives mourn his departure. His last sickness was very painful, yet he bore it all without a murmur. His confidence in Christ as his Saviour was unshaken to the last, and he died as only the Christian dies, full of faith and joyful hope. Wm. H. FOSTER.

SYDNEY BACHELOR died in Baldwin, Me., Feb. 3, 1868, aged 90 years and 3 months. Four years ago his right side became paralyzed, which rendered him almost entirely helpless. From that time until his death he was a great sufferer. Up to that time he retained his mental and physical powers in an unusual degree, being able to labor daily in the field and garden, of which he took sole charge. Father Bachelor died on the same farm where he was born, having been a resident of the town of Baldwin all his life excepting three years. After his return to Maine he was baptized and received into the M. E. Church in this place, by Rev. Benjamin Burnham, of the Maine Conference. Father Bachelor was an every-day Christian; known not so much by what he said (for he was a man of few words), as by what he did. When his mental powers had so far failed that he hardly knew his friends, and was unconscious of what was transpiring in the world, his faith in Christ remained strong, his evidence of acceptance with God clear. H. CHASE.

West Baldwin, March 2.

JOHN HATHORN died at Lodi, Ill., Feb. 2, aged 75 years. Father H. in early life gave his heart to Christ and his hand to the M. E. Church. For more than half a century he lived a devoted, consistent Christian. For forty-five years he rendered efficient service as a class leader; always engaged in and for the church, caring for its membership with paternal interest; he won the respect and love of all. He was emphatically a pillar in the church. Honored for his strict integrity, sterling worth and sound judgment, he was a valued adviser and friend. His wise counsels and earnest Christian labors, his zeal and interest are sadly missed, but our loss is his infinite gain. His illness was protracted and extremely painful, yet he bore it with Christian fortitude and resignation. Dying, he declared his confidence in our Father's promises, and affirmed that he stood on the solid Rock. GEO. W. SWIFT.

HENRIETTE DOROTHY ROLFE died in Rumford, Me., Feb. 21, aged 28 years. From her earliest childhood she was thoroughly imbued with the principles of piety, and at a very early age united with the M. E. Church, being baptized by the Rev. Mr. Briggs, of the Maine Conference. She manifested untiring zeal in favor of the glorious doctrine of the Trinity and the interests of true religion. Her literary acquirements were quite extensive, and she excelled as a teacher. Near the close of her life she expressed a wish that if it might please God she would desire that her health could be restored that she might be useful to society, but still was willing to bow in submission to the will of her great Master. JOHN E. ROLFE.

Mrs. ABY THURSTON died in Rockland, Me., Feb. 7, aged 41 years and 11 months. Mrs. Thurston has been connected with the Methodist Society in this place for many years; and all respected and confided in her as a Christian. She died confidently expecting a better life. Rockport, Me., Feb. 17. WM. L. BROWN.

ADDIE H. HAZEN died in South Weare, N. H., Feb. 23, aged 15 years. Sister Addie embraced Christ about five months before her death, and found that support and consolation that the Saviour gives in sickness and death. She was ever patient and resigned through her long sickness. She talked of death with great composure. She was asked, how can you bear your sufferings so patiently? She replied, "Jesus is with me all the time to help me." She called the family to her bed and said to them, "I want you to be good and prepare to meet me in heaven." Said she, "I am happy; I love Jesus and he loves me." Addie was an amiable youth, a dutiful child, a lovely sister, but she has gone to her rest. East-Deering, N. H. S. S. DUDLEY.

Miss MARTHA M. BEAN, daughter of William and Jane Bean, died in Sunapee, N. H., February 20, aged 23 years. At the age of 15 she gave her heart to God, and lived a consistent Christian life.

